

# Soul Immortal



GEORGE CABEHCARE BRONSON







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# SOUL IMMORTAL

A

*Subjective Impression*

BY

GEORGE CATHCART BRONSON

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I sigh not to sing as the lark,  
High over the brook-warbling glen;  
I'd rather speak lowly and clear,  
On the common level of men.

I sigh not to build me a nest  
On the spire of sky-reaching tree;  
But rather to lodge in the hearts,  
Of those that are kindred to me.

I'd rather my voice would arise,  
Than fall from the towering brink—  
From depths where my captive spirit  
Casts upward the thoughts that I think.

I care not to vault, but to live  
On the level of sand and sea:  
Let the vain and pomp-loving stand,  
I'll view God's light from the knee.

A.S.A. <sup>found</sup> 7/12  
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## PREFACE.

I grasp my pen with eager hand,  
Weave into shape the tangled strand,  
And strive to tell at least a part  
Of what is passing in my heart.

\* \* \*

The verse is done. 'Tis far too weak.  
The burning words but feebly speak  
The grand exquisites of my soul.  
'Tis only half—God knows the whole!

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CHICAGO.



DEDICATED TO  
THE TEMPLE OF THOUGHT.



SOUL IMMORTAL.

Part I.





*Soul Immortal.*

Picture in your mind a cloister  
Far removed from worldly boister;  
On a cliff, o'erlooking valleys,  
Where below a river dallies.

Dark of outline, stern and ragged,  
Thrusting skyward, belfries jagged;  
From whose gothic windows shimm'ring  
Rays reflect of prismic glimm'ring.

All around the tall trees neighbor,  
Or with souging breezes labor.

On the slope 'neath cypress glowing,  
Spectral shafts of granite showing,  
Mark where mortal sere doth rest  
Within the earth's enfolding breast.

Eastward far, a village hideth,  
Over curving hills abideth;  
Where whose light blue smoke ascendeth,  
With the mountain ether blendeth.

*Soul Immortal.*

Rearward, dark peak'd mountains merging  
With the tented sky converging,  
Silhouetted against the west,  
Upon whose arm the sea doth rest.

Silent all save nature's voicings  
Mingling in their chaste rejoicings :  
'Tis a spot for meditation,  
Far removed from rude vibration.

Part II.



In the cloister's judgment chamber,  
'Neath the torches flick'ring amber,  
Deep'ning mystic shadows tremble  
As the hooded monks assemble.

Incense in the censers glowing,  
Spectral ashen vapors throwing,  
Fumes upon the air exhaling;  
Down the musty halls regaling.

Seated round the chamber's border,  
Range the monks in great disorder.

Written on their solemn faces  
Varied moods of thought one traces.

Some, flushed in heated argument  
Speak out in tones irreverent:  
Others o'er their beads are telling;  
Prayers from their lips expelling.  
Aloof, the curious await—  
And scan the arch with breath abate  
Where enters in, the one accused,  
Who hath his priestly vows abused.



*Soul Immortal.*

In his high cathedra waiting,  
O'er the charges meditating,  
Sits the judging father holy:  
As they pass, the monks bend lowly.

A creaking door swings open wide,  
And led, with guards on either side,  
A priest accused of heresy;  
Disrobed of all his prophery,  
Steps calmly to his 'lotted place:  
Where his accusers charge must face.

How lofty he above the rest,  
Emotions in his heart repressed:  
His futured eyes are cast aloft,  
Upon his lips a smile as soft  
As sweet forgiveness mildly plays:  
In his white hair the light betrays  
The glow of ripened snow crowned years:  
A bearing whose first glance endears.

Not a muscle seems to falter  
As he steps before the altar.

The curse prepared with book and bell,  
Three burning candles flick'ring tell  
Of excommunications rite:  
Unless repentance meet, respite.

*Soul Immortal.*

The plaintiffs, timid, mumble o'er,  
Their accusations full a score,  
Begging denial as they read;  
Feigned mercy for their brother plead.

Falls a moment's hush unbroken  
Ere a word in answer spoken.

"Art guilty sir? the Judge repeats,  
One word this blighting curse defeats:  
Speak out, and let this court adjourn,  
Back to our hollow'd prayers return."

\* \* \* \* \*

The pris'ner draws to his full height,  
His glance is steel'd with virtues might,  
Grandly o'er the silence breaking,  
Rose his voice with pathos shaking,  
The impetus of his great soul  
In eloquence begins to roll.

Just as a wave of purpose pent  
With truth, breaks on the shore, is spent,  
Thus he replies:

B

*Soul Immortal.*

While your laws decree me guilty,  
And your creed denies me fealty,  
My soul revolts not at my deeds,  
But for your ignorance it bleeds:  
I love you all (that doth distress)  
But that I'm creedless, I confess—  
Loose your judgments o'er the altar,  
They'll not cause my trust to falter.  
Let my atonement quick commence—  
Judge as you weigh my grave offence.  
The judgment scales of God weigh right,  
The finite and the infinite.

Man vainly tips the balanced pole,  
And passes judgment on the soul:  
Is not all nature here sustained,  
By that All-seeing, unexplained?

The false in man is his most touchy part;  
He is most vain of his deceptive art:  
A man well formed with limbs complete;  
Less conscious is, than he with wooden feet.

With varied creeds we overlay  
Our path with drift, and lose the way.  
We all are brothers in a common strife  
Whose triumph is eternal life.

*Soul Immortal.*

I much prefer the unused trail  
That leads me guessing thro the vale;  
Where some surprise enchants each turn:  
A bird, a brook, a flow'r or fern.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'd fain commune with bird and bee,  
Immured from man's inconstancy:  
The bird doth lift my thoughts a'wing;  
I know the pestered bee can sting:  
But man, more honeyed, wins our trust,  
To surer poise the daggers thrust:  
Thus he befriended most of all,  
Doth count his profit in our fall.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye stars that gild so small a place  
Within the heavens flood of space,  
How my full soul wells up to thee,  
Thou pilots of eternity.  
What answer dost thou signal o'er?  
Is 't hope that beams from yonder shore?  
Or, are your search lights ever trained  
Upon some longing unattained?  
O, I could hold full many score  
Of such as thou, and even more,

*Soul Immortal.*

Within this spacious breast of mine,  
Wherein, your combined light divine,  
Would fail beneath the lucent glow  
Of my great soul; and never show.

O since I've grasped this newer thought  
And had a glimpse of that I've sought,  
I've viewed a deeper aim than gain,  
And felt a joy, exceeding pain:  
Ecstatic, past all common ken;  
Beyond the rich device of pen.

Creedless, let me leave you fumb'ling;  
O'er your tangled doctrines stumb'ling:  
Speed o'er your judgment now I pray,  
It but concerns this 'bedient clay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the council slowly rising,  
Ev'ry word clear emphasizing;  
The verdict meant a brother's woe:  
All silent as the censers flow.

Our hero standing undistressed,  
While swift a monk unbare his breast  
Unto the scourge of iron heated—  
Then this sentence grave repeated:



*Soul Immortal.*

“For your blasphemies, decreeing,  
You are banished from our seeing:  
You serve no more as priest, instead,  
You shall be warden of the dead.  
The sexton’s hut your shelter be  
Until the great eternity.  
Take your abode there in the gloom  
Of mournful cypress, spectral tomb.  
Farewell! it grieves us, but ’tis best;  
Farewell! the dead await their guest.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The judgment book is folded tight;  
The candles three, reft of their light:  
The bell-man pulls the swaying rope;  
The bell moans o’er his vanished hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

But see! thro yon small window there,  
Three stars light the ambient air:  
Faith, Hope and Charity, they shine  
Upon his soul with light divine.

\* \* \* \* \*

The monks have turned their backs on him,  
As slowly down the passage dim,

*Soul Immortal.*

He crosses to the outer door :  
One backward glance, then never more  
Will he look on the faces there,  
'Till death hath pass'd them to his care.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then with that same unfalt'ring speech,  
This last farewell he bids to each :

"I'll gather the leaves from the tree of life,  
Swept from the bough by the winds of strife,  
Like an empty husk that is cast away ;  
I'll gather you all, to your 'bode of clay.

But the seed shall sprout neath His tender care,  
And the great tree of Life new fruitage bear :  
From the peopled earth and the peopled skies  
The song of awaken'd life shall arise.

So the husk and stalk of the corn is left,  
For the soul it hath fled the ripened cleft ;  
And here mid the bloom of the earth's warm  
breast,  
I'll gather you all to your last long rest."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Soul Immortal.*

His brow illumed by some rapt spell  
Of sweet forgiveness, doth impel  
The monks to tell their beads with vim,  
And some must needs glance after him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Freed from the stifling walls of stone,  
Beneath the moon he walks alone:  
The glowing regions weep a star,  
That sweeps across the night afar  
To meet his soul, and they fare on,  
Companioned 'till the burst of dawn.



Part III.





*Soul Immortal.*

From out his ivied window small,  
Beneath the shadows sombre-pall,  
The sexton peers with visage kind;  
Surveys the scene with tranquil mind.

Musing while the bell-taps faintly  
Waft away to regions saintly;  
Waves of sweet harmonic chiming:  
To the star-lit meadows climbing.

He hath traced upon night's curtain,  
Stars that coursed to depths uncertain.

Oft, the twilight shadows tracing  
Have besped his fancy pacing,  
Paths unto the astral cavils;  
Where one dreaming often travels.

Oft' amid the organ's sighing  
And the deep voiced choir's replying;  
Up the lofty mountains sweeping  
Wings his soul, light skyward leaping:

*Soul Immortal.*

Soars like vap'rous incense lifting,  
Thro the sun-shafts dimly drifting:  
Circ'ling round the atoms tremble:  
Inspirations reassemble.

Are these raptured moments wasted?  
What's beyond these joys but tasted?

Watching life's dim candle flicker,  
Draw the curt'ning mazes thicker.

Vain repose from knowledge seeking,  
Seldom with a mortal speaking:  
Loneliness his heart retiring,  
Craves companionship inspiring.

What use to sing if there are none to hear?  
What use to write if there are none to read?

The bird sings sweetest to his list'ning mate,  
Whose mute approval doth full compensate;  
The shepherd pipes upon the mountain side,  
The herd responsive, gather to their guide.  
The poet jars the strings whose thrill anew  
Seeks out the searching souls, who follow too:  
Thus we are led unto the greatest heights,  
By those responsive, whom our song delights.

*Soul Immortal.*

Oft' he's craved this comrade feeling,  
To whose heart deep truths revealing;  
Companioned with whose own, debate  
The problems that doth emanate  
From the deep, unwinding ravel,  
Where the absent thought doth travel.

Frequent waves of thought inspiring,  
Have submerged his soul aspiring;  
Unfurled full sail on seas unknown;  
Then swift returning to its own,  
Hath photographed upon the mind,  
Scenes, all surpassing earthly kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beauteous faces have arisen  
From the darkness of his prison:  
Whispering voices tune the night  
Into rich harmonies of light,  
Whose prismic cadence gilds the east  
With glory, ere the song hath ceased.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ne'er did gentler hands, or kinder,  
Toll the bells' last glad reminder

*Soul Immortal.*

Of a soul's departure thither,  
Past the blight of death's vain wither.

\* \* \* \* \*

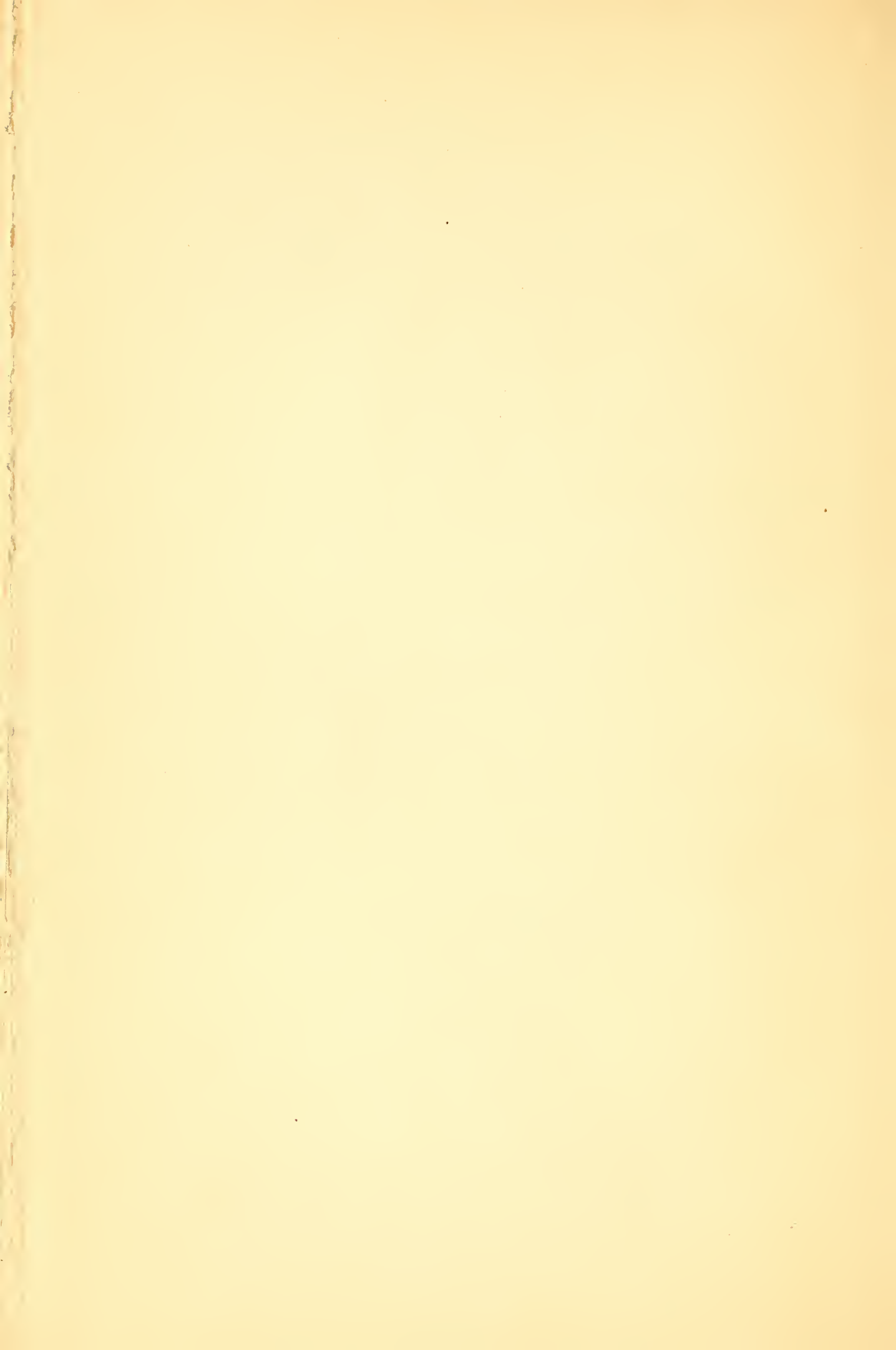
Let us walk with him, the garden of God,  
Where earth's fairest bloom awakes from the  
sod;

Exhales on the air the rarest of thought,  
Free for our taking, but it must be sought.  
Open the gates of the mind to the breeze,  
Let waft thro the soul the song of the trees;  
As they rise neath the magical touch of His  
hand,  
And point with their spires to His promised  
land.

In God's garden fair a fountain of glame,  
Throws up to the skies its life-giving flame,  
The scattering drops fill the night with glow,  
Let us drink from the fount, and we shall  
know:

The mystic shall vanish and we shall feel,  
Tuned with the Perfect, the Godly, the Real.

## Part IV.



SEXTON.

Musing of a twilight golden  
Over parchments sere and olden ;  
A sudden glow glides close to me :  
Is it a ghost, or phantasie ?  
Start'ling as the apparition,  
Undisturbed my nerves condition.  
Then assuming form of human,  
Chisled forth a fair young woman.  
Draped, her radiance all in whiteness  
Of a phosphorescent brightness ;  
Calms my heart beyond reproving.  
Watched her marble lips slow moving :  
List'ning as their faint, low whisper,  
Breaks upon the stillness crisper  
Than the lilies hush'd unfolding ;  
With the breeze, communion holding.

Her deep eyes a wish conveying,  
Impulse follows them, obeying,  
Questions not the visitation ;  
Nor the ghostly ministration.  
Sudden coldness flutters o'er me,  
Swiftly glides the shade before me :



Beckons with her hands—I follow  
Down a passage dark and hollow,  
Led o'er paths neath cypress bending;  
Followed, mid the grave-stones wending:  
Where the circ'ling tomb-bat sweepeth,  
And the gnawing legion creepeth:  
There, before a tomb the spirit  
Paused, and beckoned me a'near it:  
Thus, obeying her wild gesture,  
Peered I thro' the granite's vesture.

In the darkness faint revealing,  
There I traced a figure kneeling:  
With great sobs the form was shaking,  
As a heart from grief were breaking.

Then the moon a'sudden peering  
From a cloud, the darkness clearing,  
Show'd a youth of grace surpassing,  
O'er whose brows the ringlets massing,  
Fell beteared and grief disheveled;  
Spang'ling where the moon beams reveled.  
Bending o'er a vault beflowered,  
Rained his tears the corse beshowered.

Speechless then I gazed in wonder,  
As his heart poured forth its thunder.

YOUTH.

Alas! how awful calm thy rest :  
Thy dear heart stilled within thy breast!  
Whose ev'ry pulse were wont to meet  
Mine own, and blend into its beat.  
Your hands respond not to my grasp:  
Your arms enfold not in their clasp:  
I kiss your lips and hear no sigh;  
Their coldness offers no reply,  
Oh God! where hath escaped the breath  
From this enmarbled hush of death?  
Oh let me warm with tears the seal,  
And melt thy breast again to feel.  
See! now I hold thee as of old;  
Within these arms thou art not cold.  
Hark! like the measured beat of drum,  
The bells ring out, the hour is come;  
The wedding feast for us is spread;  
Come let me bear thee from the dead.  
But no! their theme is changed again:  
I see the solemn fun'ral train—  
To ev'ry throb my heart replies,  
At ev'ry step the future dies.  
How can I leave thee in the night  
Where ghostly spectres may affright?  
Ah no! I'll keep rapt vigil here  
Upon thy breast, love, thee to cheer:

*Soul Immortal.*

Oh linger near across the night;  
Mine soon shall join your soul in flight.

SEXTON.

I beheld, as lightning flashing;  
Gleem of steel, that from him dashing  
With a movement quick, disarming,  
Sped the murd'rous blade from harming

YOUTH.

Unwelcomed! who disturbs my grief,  
Breaks in upon me like a thief?

SEXTON.

Come! her spirit bids thee to cease,  
If thou lov'st well, obey in peace.

YOUTH.

What vile conjurer doth invoke  
Her spirit, was't some shade that spoke?

SEXTON.

Come! wail no longer o'er the dead,  
But seek to know her soul instead,  
Come! I'll tell thee how bethought me  
To your presence here, she brought me.

*Soul Immortal.*

Not magic of some crafty hand,  
A means diviner, understand?  
You shall know her in her splendor,  
Bask beneath her glances tender.  
Come! thy vain grief disturbs her soul,  
Which should have reached its destined goal;  
But by your somber thoughts detained,  
Lingers here where your tears have rained.

(Startled as a bird up winging,  
From the flower'd corse up springing.)

How vain the mission of thy blade:  
How dear the forfeit you'd have paid.  
Ruthlessly your life to sever  
Might have banished thee forever,  
To foreign sphere, far from her side:  
The voice of fate you must abide.

(Then I drew him to my breast,  
Heard his up pent woe confessed.)

YOUTH.

Death hath stung her I love best,  
Torn her from my loving breast:  
Sealed her lips with icy kiss,  
Ere we'd sipped the cup of bliss.

*Soul Immortal.*

While yet hoping, she expired;  
While yet longing, life desired:  
Life's light fluttered from her eyes,  
Then my sorrow rent the skies.  
Heaven hearing in that hour,  
Lent no touch of healing pow'r.  
Dead! accursed, cruel blast;  
Dead! I realize at last:  
Scarce e'en then my fondling ceased,  
Scarce e'en then her soul released:  
Followed to her chilling tomb,  
Hoping here to share her doom:  
Here to ease my bursting breast;  
Here to share her pulseless rest.

SEXTON.

Come! Come with me my stricken friend,  
No longer with thy grief contend:  
Come! I greet thee as a brother:  
Leave this life, begin another:  
Here, in the sexton's tranquil walls,  
No peace disturbing grief recalls.  
Come, embrace the crucifixion;  
Purge your mind of death's affliction.  
Why longer shed the scalding tear?  
Death's passive coldness cannot hear:  
So brief the hour we here remain,

*Soul Immortal.*

All bitter mourning is in vain.  
Short time and you will calmly choose,  
The stone that covers o'er the bruise:  
Engrave upon its chiseled shield;  
"To thy dear mem'ry this I yield."  
Here change your song to that of hope—  
Firm grasp the future's broad'ning scope.  
For hark! the list'ning senses hear  
The hour of passing steppeth near:  
The intersticing themes converge,  
Then sweeps adagio to dirge:  
Mute bosomed in our marble bed,  
How briefly we survive the dead.

YOUTH.

I care not for love's words, so lightly spoken;  
I care not for the language of the rose;  
Close to my breast, I need no other token;  
Your presence there, is all my wooing knows.

Within your arms, I need no other dwelling;  
Your eyes, my dear, are as the sky to me;  
My burning love defies the feeble telling,  
But, bursting forth, engulfs us in its sea.

I'd not complain tho grief my heart assailing,  
'Twould not despair while thine beat close to  
mine;

*Soul Immortal.*

Bereft of thee, all else is unavailing,  
An empty void is left and I repine.

I hear no music, for the lute is broken;  
The sweetest songs have lost their charm for  
me;

The deepest love defies all other token;  
Then in thine arms, love, let me buried be.

\* \* \* \* \*

SEXTON.

As up the moonlit walk we wandered,  
O'er the buried past I pondered;  
Like to mine his heart's upbreking:  
Like to mine this sudden waking.

Then I turned his thoughts to giving  
All his days to holy living:

Paused a moment where the flowers  
Bathed the night in fragrant showers.



*Soul Immortal.*

Bright spangles of the moon caressed  
The undulating valley's breast,  
And on our throbbing temples pressed  
The slumb'rous balm of tranquil rest.

Soft pillow'd on my humble bed,  
I gently laid his troubled head;  
And hushed him as a mother might  
A babe whose care was her delight.  
Trimm'd the taper dimly burning:  
To the page I'd left, returning;  
Read, and read, and fell a'thinking  
Of the strange night, till a'blinking;  
Slumber threw her mantle o'er me,  
Then the scene dissolved before me.





Part V.



SEXTON.

When the first bright golden lances  
Burst from morning's waking glances:  
When the mountain trenches wooded  
Wake from slumber, misty hooded:  
Dream freighted, silent ships of spray,  
Spread their white wings and sail away;  
Over a sea of balmy air,  
Kissed by Orient's ruddy glare:  
Then the wild birds' first sweet numbers,  
Rouse us from belated slumbers.

\* \* \* \* \*

When refreshed by waters cooling,  
Waits my charge his first deep schooling,  
In the grace of soul surrender;  
That first view of heaven's splendor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still his baffled blade repenting,  
Still his heart's deep loss lamenting.

*Soul Immortal.*

YOUTH.

Thou dark unfriendly hour that dulled  
The blade that should this blight have culled:  
That closed death's portal full on me,  
And left the sting of misery:  
A soul immersed in depths of woe,  
Dull lifeless lamp without a glow.

Vision is dead, and being dead,  
All view of future hope hath fled:  
Blinded, Youth's passion'd dream o'ercast,  
I pray each hour may be my last.

What now remains to charm my sight,  
Since day has passed to dreamless night?  
The die is cast; why then contend?  
Since love is dead, let my life end.

SEXTON.

Hush! thy grief hath numbed thee wholly,  
Have patience, life's gift is holy.  
Cease to 'bode the murderous thought,  
Destroying soul, yet aiding nought.  
A grain of hate dropped in the heart,  
Brooded, receives an awful start,  
That rushing gathers in its rage  
The poise and wisdom of our age:

*Soul Immortal.*

Still urging, mild resistance gives  
And murder, the one thought now lives.  
Like lightning's flash our hand hath slain—  
The thunder wakes to self again.

Who would imagine this fair mind  
Could thus have shed the blood of kind?

O had some master mind have dared,  
Or knowing, had enough but cared;  
To impulse worthy deed suggest,  
The blighting act of hate repressed.

This life must pace its destined course:  
'Tis not a thing that yields to force.  
Concealed behind that we call death  
A life more vital than mere breath:  
A new development of soul;  
Awaits fulfillment of its goal.

Whither wendeth the star its flight,  
That sweeps across the eboned night?  
Where flow the sands that press the sea;  
Have they no certain destiny?  
Does seed drop ere the fruit is grown?  
Or dropping, will it grow when sown?

*Soul Immortal.*

Each hour doth throb with new increase  
Upon the world, life cannot cease!

The thread of high perfection winds  
To the infinite, where it binds.

Before man came, earth's green expired  
As Nature in her course desired:  
But now, to meet his growing need,  
All is consumed, root, branch and seed.

Cultivate psychic trend of thought:  
'Twill bring you near the goal you've sought.

Self study is the bubbling source  
Of inspiration's master force:  
He who knows his nature surely;  
Holds success as his securely.

Great truths spring from a source devout:  
Who thinks within, sheds light without.

What e'er we think, that some day we shall be;  
Whether pinched or broad as eternity.  
The beasts all have but one pervading thought,  
Which never brings them more than they have  
sought.

*Soul Immortal.*

Too variance of will makes man to shift,  
His reason marks no course, doth blindly drift.  
There is one pilot that may light him home;  
A safe asylum whence he shall not roam:  
'Tis concentration on some lofty height  
Of thought, that shall endow eternal might:  
Objectified with that he emulates,  
Becomes a part of That which All creates.

That man's a man, helps him little;  
Lifts him not one jot or tittle:  
He is no better than the swine,  
'Till thought and impulse make divine.

---

If you have a diamond, keep it bright—  
The mere fact of possession counts for naught,  
If hidden neath a crust,  
Of indolence and dust;  
A piece of glass you might as well have bought.

If you have a talent let it shine,  
With earnest, true endeavor keep it bright;  
Not boastful, but devout;  
The best that's in you, out—  
Shed your full, undimmed radiance of light.



*Soul Immortal.*

Let us resolve each day to write,  
The faring of our souls indite.  
'Twill help to place us in that state  
Where master thoughts doth emanate.  
Each day, some hours give o'er to mind;  
Recording what the astral find.  
Distilling from the day or night,  
(As constellations shed their light),  
A nectar of the hemispheres—  
Peer on into the future years—  
Sift out the star dust from the dew—  
Track vibratory channels thro:  
Then bathing in the fount of glame,  
The soul, proof 'gainst contending flame;  
Grown to its full and bursting bud,  
In summer-land its fragrant flood  
Shall swoon in death's ecstatic hour,  
Within God's meadow we shall flow'r.

These notes let those who will peruse;  
Be their minds psychic or obtuse,  
There may some little comfort fall  
That shall repay us after all.  
Let those who scoff expunge the page—  
This is a free unbiased age—  
And gives to each what he desires  
Of reading, that his mind requires.

*Soul Immortal.*

The book's the mirror where the wise  
Behold themselves thro other eyes.

For you, love seems the fittest theme ;  
So interwoven with your dream.

Love is heaven's connecting link :  
And leads us close unto the brink  
Wherein eternity doth spread  
Its ocean past the cliffs of dread :  
Where standing on its narrow rim,  
We gaze into a vortex dim ;  
Appall'd at that great sea of space,  
Wherein no certain harbors grace  
Save those of faith, implanted deep,  
Whose might grasps all within her sweep.

Faith holds the world within its orb :  
Desire doth our whole life absorb :  
We wish and wish and crave and crave,  
Desires reach out beyond the grave.  
Desire unmet were hell indeed :  
But hope upsprouteth from the seed.  
Upheld with promise o'er the night  
We slumber, faithful of the light.

What see these eyes bedimmed with age,  
Upon life's ever turning page?

*Soul Immortal.*

Naught! Naught beyond environment;  
A very meager testament:  
Compared to that seen from within,  
Our narrow reachings but begin.

For me, it matters not my themes,  
Old age hath led me past thy dreams.  
I need no painted dial to show,  
But read the hour in Nature's glow.

The anchor's up!  
My barque is ready for the breeze  
To waft it o'er the sunset seas:  
I need no pilot's hand to guide  
Me o'er the myst'ries of the tide;  
For my full years have brought me where  
I see the home-lights over there—  
Beyond the west.

\* \* \* \* \*

Death, being consistent with my reason,  
I contemplate as mere change of season:  
As winter throws aside his snowy wrap,  
When new-born springtime blossoms in his lap.

YOUTH.

This newer thought of thine is queer,  
And yet some element doth cheer

*Soul Immortal.*

To sweet attunement, all my pain;  
And brings me up to pitch again.  
Wherein, some thought anew elates,  
The hopelessness obliterates.  
Speak on! I fain would hear thy song:  
Beneath its spell my heart grows strong.

SEXTON.

The world grows small as mind expands,  
And yearnings reach t'ward other lands;  
Just as the ocean's swelling reach  
O'erflows the gently sloping beach.  
Thus float we in upon that shore,  
As wreckage left, to drift no more.

YOUTH.

How shall man gain the fineness you desire,  
How his thoughts attain the regions higher?  
Could I, for instance, ever hope to be  
While here, a part of that Divinity?  
How shall I school my soul to soar away,  
Out past the fetters of this passive clay?  
I know and feel, thy words have rooted deep—  
How shall I wake within, where thought doth  
sleep?

*Soul Immortal.*

SEXTON.

Listen in the depths of silence:  
Listen for life's varitone;  
Turn the sight and hearing inward,  
Leave the crowd and think alone.

Deep within, rich truths are welling,  
Only heed their impulse strong,  
Life's true voice is ever ringing;  
And its utterance—a song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Truth is the hidden meaning of the sage,  
And may or not, be ciphered from the page.

Words are but symbols, Truth is mine;  
From wisdom's fountain make it thine.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Soul Immortal.*

Golden grows the headland's somber hue,  
With day's last soft glance;  
O'er the heaving breast of ocean blue,  
Purling wavelets dance.

The lids of night are slowly closing  
O'er the orb of day:  
Around the furrow'd brows reposing,  
Dark fringed shadows play.

Hushed the din of Nature's babbling lips,  
Dream clouds gather deep;  
O'er the face of earth night's mantle slips:  
Then the world's asleep.



Part VI.





SEXTON.

Come! let us strike the beaten trail  
That leads thro leafy-tented vale;  
Where burnished rocks o'erhang the way;  
A'down whose cheeks cool brooklets spray:  
There view the forest, columned long,  
Whose battled phalanx marshalled strong;  
Whose straggling dead o'erlay the path:  
These mark the tempest's mighty wrath.

O fleeting winds!  
That viewless sweep 'twixt earth and sky,  
What do you hide from mortal eye?  
What is that strange, resistless force  
That sweeps the forest from your course?  
Tell, do contending armies rage,  
Exterminating warfare wage?  
Or is 't the earth-bound spirit's sweep,  
Rushing toward appointed keep?

What mean those voices in the gale,  
That rise and fall in mournful wail?

*Soul Immortal.*

Is it the 'wakened souls that find,  
For deeds black, no peace of mind?  
Or do you mourn the soulless dead,  
That Godless cross the stream of dread?

Tell me, thou balmy southern breeze,  
What is 't you whisper i' the trees,  
That woos the sluggish sap from sleep,  
From bud, green leaf and blossom leap,  
Till, burdened with their odors rare,  
You scatter fragrance ev'rywhere?

Or when;  
With poppy-laden breath at night  
You fold the world in slumber tight,  
Do angels pause at break of day  
To kiss the spell of sleep away?

What know you of the lonely way  
Where mortal feet may never stray?  
Where oceans hold unbridled sweep,  
And tempests' furies wildly leap!  
Or where, along a barren beach,  
The tides of progress never reach,  
And mountains rise majestic head  
Whose caverns yawn, whose fires are dead?

*Soul Immortal.*

Where wends your trackless tide afar  
Amid the regions of the star?  
Do other beings of our mould,  
Communion with your forces hold?

O viewless ocean of the soul!  
Whose ceaseless ebb from pole to pole,  
Breathes breath of life o'er barren fields:  
Whose secrets not one atom yields  
Of aught beyond the ent'ring gate,  
Nor tireless research compensate.

I know the feel of vanished hands;  
I hear the tunes of other lands,  
And long with clearer sight to gaze  
Within the complex of your maze.  
Still burdened with resisting clay,  
My soul awaits propitious day:  
When tuned to vibrate true, divine,  
Your mighty secrets shall be mine.

---

Choose to view things as they should be;  
Lend beauty to deformity:  
Misshapen, halt, but true of mind,  
Hath all the form that God divined.

*Soul Immortal.*

Dame Nature o'er her landscape draws  
The fundamentals of heaven's laws:  
Mark how the geometric signs,  
O'er this vast sweep of earth defines:  
Here, straight unyielding lines of law—  
From whose set rule we cannot draw:  
There, mark the curving lines of love;  
Of justice, tempered from above.  
These are most frequent in the scene:  
Lies an infinitude between.

Far fairer than all Nature's best,  
Are scenes upon the soul impressed.

---

O gentle spirit of the cool!  
Of rushing brook or lazy pool—  
Of pine, of flow'ret at my feet—  
Of sighing zephyrs soft and sweet.  
Of calm, of holiness and peace;  
Whose finite voicings never cease:  
I thrive on the efflux of your thought,  
The arcane treasures I have sought,  
Discovered to my reaching gaze;  
Have led my soul from doubting's maze.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Soul Immortal.*

Come rest upon yon rising knoll,  
For hark! a fun'ral knell doth toll;  
And winding neath yon cypress shade,  
The cortegé labors up the grade.

The drums and brasses, by their din,  
Attention draws to that within  
The jaspared box; the trappings rare  
Doth glimmer in the sun's bright glare.

How those proud horses prance and fret!  
The drivers, with their features set  
In a long drawn and mournful mein,  
Look bored, but count their labor's gain.

They pause now in the yawning shade  
Of that deep granite newly laid,  
And o'er a fragrant mat of bloom,  
Convey the casket to the tomb.

The widow, on whose fingers gleam  
The shimm'ring bubbles of her dream,  
Grows boist'rous in her grief, and loud  
She whimpers o'er the costly shroud.

Mark not her grief, but her rich dress,  
That seemingly doth most impress.

*Soul Immortal.*

We'll grant her sorrow's deep, but sure ;  
Her wealth the with'ring blight will cure.  
Her heart already thrills anew ;  
She leans upon some friendship true ;  
That turns her from the pulseless dead,  
Puts living visions there instead,  
And tunes her ears to hear the chime  
Of love enthroned a second time.

But mark that shabby little group,  
Gathered there with mournful droop ;  
Among the graves that bear no sign—  
Except the bloomless ivy vine—  
Of those whose bodies lie at rest,  
Beneath the grassy, oval crest.

There's nought to draw them to our view,  
But honest sorrow, thro and through :  
It needs no searching look to tell,  
With the last clod of earth that fell,  
A grief far deeper than the sea ;  
Survives that toiler's memory.  
For clinging there in dumb amaze,  
The little children wond'ring gaze :  
Their mother stunned, reads in their eyes  
Uncertain futures, frowning rise.



*Soul Immortal.*

No friendly hand proffers support,  
Nor pays rapt homage to her court.

Back to her cheerless widow'd nest,  
She rocks her little ones to rest ;  
Where seated near the empty chair,  
She gazes on with sightless stare  
Into the future, blank, unknown,  
Heartbroken, comfortless, alone.

Grant both these griefs alike sincere,  
(For wealth's no bar to sorrow's tear),  
I must weigh her grief as double ;  
Whose mind and body wastes in trouble.  
We dread death's painful lingering  
But poverty's the master sting.

E



Ave Maria !

Mother of the noisy brood,  
Wearied, you shall rest anon,  
Past the cares of motherhood ;  
Heav'n shall smile your trials upon.

Arms that never fold in rest,  
Eyes that watch the fevered night ;  
Little bodies must be dress'd ;  
Minds and faces clean and bright.

What the glory shall be yours,  
When your sons and daughters rise  
To a fame that time endures ;  
But your worry never dies.

Anxious in life's budding day,  
Anxious in the gath'ring night ;  
Joyous in the tints of May,  
Hopeful in grief's with'ring blight.

*Soul Immortal.*

Mother of the noisy brood;  
Comfort! GOD is bending down;  
Your sweet trust is understood,  
On your brow HE rests a crown.

---

The mother principle predominates  
Her vital, fruitful instinct recreates;  
Earth is as wife to nature's ripened pod,  
And reproduces from her pregnant sod.  
His children, nourished on her ample breast,  
Mature and crumble to their final rest:  
Become a part of that creating pow'r,  
Revived to life beneath the grateful show'r.

Is man less useful in his thoughtful sphere?  
Absorbs he not from out the distant clear,  
Intelligence, diffused from nature's God  
That resurrects him from the knowing clod?

If we were part of earth our seed would grow  
Within it: But 'twere not intended so.  
We are diviner even, than her leaven:  
She serves us, but our seed must bloom in  
heav'n.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Soul Immortal.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! you who come with courtly train,  
    Unto the journey's end;  
Insensate dwellers of the flesh,  
Unwilling caught within the mesh,  
You lay your jewel'd burdens down;  
Their worth for you will buy no crown,  
    Just at the journey's end.

How sweet the calm of earn'd repose,  
    Just at the journey's end;  
When, hollow-cheeked and wasted-limb'd,  
Toil-weary-eyed and tear-bedimm'd,  
We lay our burdens at His feet,  
All thankful for the rest so sweet,  
    Just at the journey's end.

## Rock, Mother Earth

Hushed is the din, and the tumult suppressed,

Rock, mother earth;

Rock, mother earth:

Twilight's gray mantle falls over the west,

Rock, mother earth.

O cover us all with the cloud's downy fleece,

And cuddle us down with a sweet kiss of peace;

Rock, mother earth.

The dew-drops distill in the lily-cups deep,

Rock, mother earth;

Rock, mother earth:

And lend to the breezes a potion of sleep;

Rock, mother earth:

Swing us far out o'er the ocean of space,

Heavenly Father withhold not thy grace;

Rock, mother earth.

See, all thy children are weary of play,

Rock, mother earth;

Rock, mother earth

*Soul Immortal.*

Our eye-lids grow heavy, too long is the day,  
Rock, mother earth—  
Turn with your trust from the glint of the sun,  
Rock us to sleep, all our labors are done;  
Rock, mother earth.

*Soul Immortal.*

Nature's the agent that hath loaned  
This casket we have never owned:  
And borrow'd thus shall we destroy?  
Mistreating as a simple toy—  
Amusing for life's little day;  
Then wearied, cast the thing away.

When Nature comes to claim her own,  
What have we reaped from harvest sown?  
What profiteth our little stay  
Unless we've stored some good away?

Hath that implanted in the core,  
Firm rooted grown, rich fruitage bore?  
Where is the jewel it contained?  
Hath vice bedimmed, ambition stained?

When Nature shall foreclose her right,  
Shall we repay unto the mite?  
Shall this fair acre pass again,  
Unto her palm, and naught remain?

*Soul Immortal.*

Hath that rich loam remained untilled?  
Hath weed and bramble harvest killed?  
Or have we reaped the golden grain  
That shall recount unto our gain?

We know not when, the hour or day,  
That Nature shall reclaim her clay.  
Who knows but what that hour decides  
The fate of soul and all besides?

So let us build within us here,  
Against that hour, or day, or year,  
And say to Nature—take your own;  
I have made profit by your loan.

Part VII.





*Soul Immortal.*

SEXTON.

Joyously the bells are ringing;  
In the cloister, mass is singing:  
Candles flicker round the altar,  
While the monks chant o'er the psalter:  
Rolls the organ, deep, sustaining,  
In between, the priest's ordaining.

\* \* \* \* \*

Neath an aged oak's cool shelter,  
Round us lace-like shadows pelter;  
And the truant breezes dally,  
Variscented from the valley.  
Great heights above, and deeps a'down,  
Rearward, towering mountains frown:  
Before, a broad expanse of sky  
Smiles on fair fields with radiant eye.

Far yonder there like patch of night,  
A lofty eagle wings its flight.

*Soul Immortal.*

All peaceful, save the restless flow  
Of waters grinding far below.

Such the spot my fancy choosing  
For our solitary musing.

YOUTH.

Last night I had a wond'rous dream;  
And yet, undreamlike did it seem:  
I thought you led me thro a grove  
Wherein sweet perfumed zephyrs wove  
On you led me toward a tomb,  
Where death amid, we paused in gloom.  
The graves around grinn'd granite teeth,  
And darkly coiled the ivy wreath.  
Then from out a marble dwelling  
Stepp'd her shade, my gaze compelling.  
Bade you depart, and I, alone,  
Conversed with her upon the stone.

There in fragrant moon-bathed heather,  
Love and I talked long together.  
Oft' our lips in kisses meeting,  
Heart to heart our love repeating.  
Said she, "I cleave this court of death,  
Amid the cypress' shiv'ring breath,  
Because your dreariness of mood  
Hath from its destination woo'd

*Soul Immortal.*

My soul, and held it pinioned here,  
Within this gloomy sepulcher."

Then she bade me heed your teaching,  
Study o'er the soul's upreaching;  
'Till some hour conditioned soullly  
We should meet in union holy.  
Then she kissed me a sweet good-bye  
And vanished from my doting eye.  
That 'twas her I'd fain believe it,  
But dread doubt will not receive it.

SEXTON.

Think not it was an idle dream,  
'Twas she, I saw her brightness gleam;  
I saw her cast a holy light  
Upon the sombre dusk of night.  
Give praise that you have been allowed  
To peer behind death's curt'ning shroud.  
Be thankful, for your souls are nearing,  
Shadows from around you clearing.  
O! thou hast sought love not in vain,  
And if you'd speak with her again;  
To yonder shelter of the hill  
When ecstasy your soul doth thrill;  
In silence while the stars light o'er  
Their tapers from fair Luna's shore:

*Soul Immortal.*

There rest thee in the mystic vale,  
Until you hear the nightingale  
Trill o'er the night her sweetest note,  
Then earthward will her spirit float.  
Search each deep shadow for her face:  
'Twill glow in phosphorescent grace.  
Thus she'll come your mind conditioned,  
For the meeting you've petitioned.

YOUTH.

There burns within my heart, desire:  
A question doth my lips inspire  
To ask its deep unraveled meaning:  
Without an atom from me screening.  
What meant you by "'twas she who brought  
me,  
To your presence she bethought me?"  
Did she appear as spirit white,  
Upon the eboned hours of night?  
Or was it just a term of speech,  
To draw me from the dagger's reach?

SEXTON.

Each radiant orb hath in its might,  
To cast a dual, kindred light.  
We need not always glance aloft  
To view the moon's fair glances soft;

*Soul Immortal.*

But in the dew-drop and the sea,  
Her beams reflect prismatic'ly:  
E'en when her face is hid away,  
Behind the misty clouds that lay  
'Tween earth and her radiant sphere:  
Thus is her presence ever clear.  
The sun reflects his fervent glow  
Upon the fairest flow'rs that blow:  
His spirit lingers in their smile  
To cheer away our little while.  
A nosegay gathered to the tomb,  
In fragrance dissapates the gloom;  
Suggesting in the colors rare,  
The cloudless, sunny, outer air.  
Thus doth this radiant orb of mind,  
Produce reflections of its kind.

They wildly crave the coming light,  
Who have done evil o'er the night:  
And ev'ry night suggests the trace  
Of that misdeed upon its face.

Likewise the pure unselfish deed,  
Lurks in the blossom's rarest seed:  
In thoughtful fragrance we inhale,  
Awaft upon the pleasant gale.  
Thus did her disembodied thought,  
Burdened. with your danger fraught,

*Soul Immortal.*

Cast its reflection on my gaze ;  
And like a phantom, led my ways  
To where I found you in the tomb,  
And saved you from your blade's rash doom.

Phantoms are of a thought bequest,  
And live on ever in unrest :  
Disboded from their lodge on high,  
Converting to their use our eye,  
And in our deep subjective state,  
Forms and phantasmas doth create.  
We walk again with friend or foe,  
Gaze on some face we do not know.  
These strange phenomena are real,  
They but the afterwhile reveal.

---

YOUTH.

I know, before I lost you, dear,  
Beyond the limits of this sphere  
I could not see.  
But ever now toward the skies  
I gaze with upturned, longing eyes,  
In search of thee.  
Some day, I know, the clouds will part  
And I shall hold you to my heart,  
Eternally !



*Soul Immortal.*

SEXTON.

Love is the height of all desire;  
No emotion lifts man higher:  
'Tis thro its prismic ecstasy  
We view our immortality.

They need no contracts 'bove to bind,  
There, doth each soul its true mate find:  
Drawn each to each by that rapt force  
Of their vibrations, fine or coarse.

Morality on earth demands  
A bond, to bind the wedded hands;  
Forever, if they're blended so:  
But otherwise the ebb and flow  
Of their deep longings may not mate  
This side the great eternal gate.

Physical contact is not love;  
Yet is enhanced beyond remove,  
By enraptured interblending  
Of two minds, no more contending:  
As two waters of a clearness  
Meeting, lose themselves in nearness.

Physical presence doth abet,  
'Tho' we can love those still unmet:

*Soul Immortal.*

Some kindred mortal, or a myth,  
Our unmet longing bideth with.

Love and mere instinct are remote:  
Tho passion is life's vital note.

Unbridled passion all destroys,  
And by its semblence love alloys:

True love upbuilds and re-creates,  
As man's great physic demonstrates.

---

YOUTH.

Love proffered me a briming cup—  
Athirst I drank the nectar up:  
Too deep alas, O bitter snare;  
I found the dregs of parting there.

---

SEXTON.

Virtue and vice, joy and sorrow,  
Creep into the notes we borrow,  
They upbuild the enharmoned whole,  
Attune the vibrant chord of soul.

*Soul Immortal.*

'Tis sacrifice of every kind,  
Upholds the poise of wav'ring mind;  
For one, 'tis love, another gold,  
Each must pay o'er what they do hold  
Most dear, and pass it to the next:  
This is the burthen of life's text.

These virgin brooklets laughing past,  
Must kiss the salty sea at last.

\* \* \* \* \*

Think you, as the stream flows to the sea,  
That it never will come back?  
Do you think the ocean-tides that sweep,  
Are lost in a sightless track?  
No! not one drop of their flood is lost,  
For it all comes back again;  
To the loving breast of mother earth,  
In the rainbow and the rain.

---

There's a turn in every tide,  
Though we're gliding before the breeze,  
For storms will rise  
O'er cloudless skies,  
And dash all our hopes on the leas.

*Soul Immortal.*

There's a turn in every tide,  
Look aloft, the storm's nearly passed;  
The journey vain  
Will end in gain,  
In Port we shall anchor at last.

---

Thought creates, and aware of this,  
Instinct fires the spark of passion,  
To fix the mind intent on fact:  
What we will that do we fashion.  
Thus spirit joined to nature's pact;  
Rich fruitage bears from sightless bliss.

\* \* \* \* \*

Behold we not life's magic start,  
Nor can we cipher any part  
Of its unraveled mystery;  
Throughout our searching's history.  
Nor have we marked the moment rapt,  
When it transcends the body, sapt  
By Charon's ever busy worm;  
That cutteth short our little term,  
And leaves a strange bequest called death:  
A stoppage of the vital breath.

*Soul Immortal.*

That something happens just before  
The pulse vacates the leaden pore,  
We are aware. And that we give  
Unto the sod, nought that doth live.  
We follow only with our love  
The body, for the soul's above.

How bright that ever conscious star,  
The dual mind that fareth far.  
Subjective, phosphorescent, clear,  
It bridleth the racing year:  
Transcending joy, proclaiming truth,  
The fountain of eternal youth.

How awful is the combat dread,  
That wages o'er the guilty head,  
That cold, objective, red with guilt,  
Thrusts in the dagger to the hilt:  
Exhausted with the effort, meek  
Forgetfulness in slumbers seek.  
O! in that silent hour of night  
Begins the duel of the Right:  
When the unconscious, ever strong,  
Upbraids the conscious for its wrong;  
The sleeper groans in dreams, aloud,  
Remorse unpitying doth crowd  
The stinging sweat-drops from the palm.  
The flight from justice cannot calm.

*Soul Immortal.*

Open confession of the deed  
Alone subserves his urgent need.  
Still pricked by that subconscious mind,  
E'en thankful when the handcuffs bind:  
And death were welcome, vainly sought,  
To batt'ling e'er with outraged thought.

Objective mind, instincts control:  
Subjective mind, the mind of soul;  
And never errs no more than He;  
Our promise of Divinity.

Ah should we drive it from our clasp,  
The key to heav'n falls from our grasp.  
In silence let us cultivate  
The Good, the Useful and the Great.  
How fleet thought soars the futured space:  
Views that our eyes but dimly trace,  
Where vision halts, there thought supreme,  
Takes up the thread of knowledge beam;  
Encompassing the countless sphere  
And brings them to our study near.

Beneath the soul's exalting beam,  
The sea within each eye doth seem  
At its great moon-kissed flood of tide;  
O'erflowing in its reaches wide

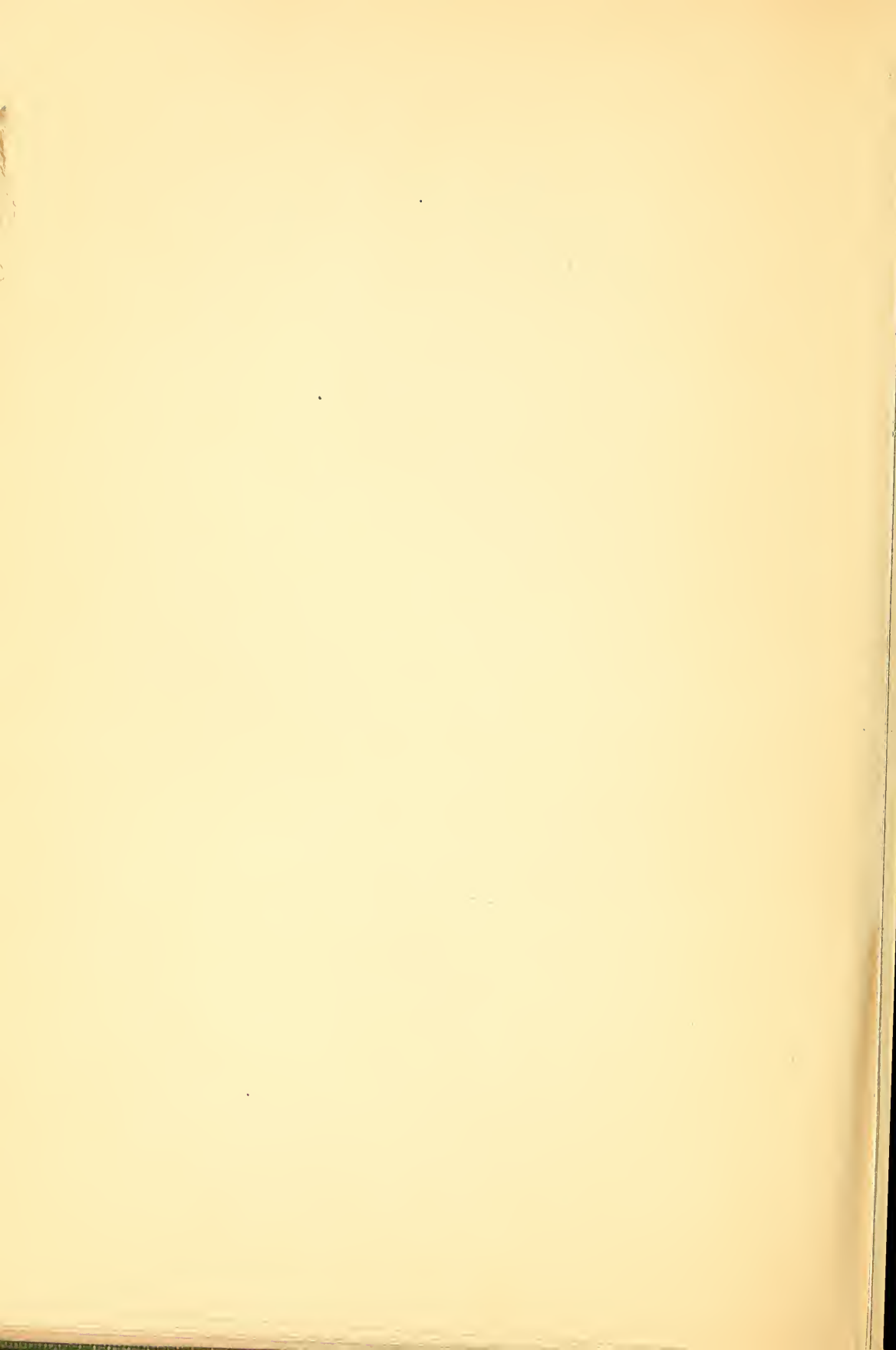
*Soul Immortal.*

That narrow rim which borders faint,  
The gulf whose depths no pen can paint :  
There, gazing in whose luring space,  
Charm'd to the quick, we love that face.  
Engulfed within the iris snare  
We view heav'ns light reflected there ;  
'Tis the deep full eye of love  
That trains the heart to look above.

Part VIII.

WHEREIN EACH DOTHS HIS THOUGHTS INDITE.





### The First Song

The night wind said to the crimson rose:  
I'll sing you a song I heard,  
As I passed a star one calm clear night;  
It lacks but a pulsing word.

The fair rose learned and sang the song  
Each twilight hour of rest:  
But awoke one morn to find its grave;  
On a maiden's fair white breast.

I've found the word, said the dying rose,  
Farewell! dear mate in the grove:  
The song is the song of sacrifice,  
And the pulsing word is love.

Shadows

That call'd night is only shadow,  
    Clouding o'er a little way:  
There is nought but fleeting darkness,  
    Steadfast shines the sun's glad ray.

When o'er-cupped with day's bright nectar,  
    Sorrow lends her mellow art:  
As the dew revives the flowret,  
    So do tears revive the heart.

Thus, within our night of sorrow,  
    Find we moonlit treasures rare;  
That but for life's somber shadows,  
    We had never dreamed were there.

---

There needs be shading in the script  
Whereon life's supple pen hath tripp'd:  
Here lightly, with fantastic tread;  
There heavy, where the shadows thread:  
So speeds it e'er from youth to age;  
Then dots, whereat life turns her page.

If

If it were not for the clouds  
Obscuring the heav'nly lights,  
We'd never need a compass  
In our terraquel flights.

If it were not for the doubts  
That darken our little day;  
We would not need a pilot  
To guide us over the way.

---

O Cloud of sombre, misty girth,  
Why frown ye o'er the smiling earth?

“Because each twilight as I lay  
Across that bourn where ends the day,  
The Earth rolls round me in her sweep,  
And steals the Sun's last kiss of sleep.”

O Cloud! why restless do ye sweep  
Toward the East, and ever weep?

*Soul Immortal.*

“Because, I woo the Sun in vain,  
My tears refresh the Earth with rain,  
And dire destruction marks my flight,  
Across the eboned fields of Night.”

O Cloud, why watch ye o’er the dim,  
Where rounds the Sun’s fair glowing rim?

“To cheat the Night of that first view  
Of morning’s merry-golden hue;  
And thus my course of life is run;  
A constant lover of the Sun.”

---

From days of helpless infancy  
To youth’s ecstatic rhapsody  
Resistance is the common cause,  
That banished, leaves no need of laws:  
Mind resists, and that resistance  
Moves the soul from heav’ns assistance:  
’Till sated with vain earthly greed,  
Comes a wish for worthier meed.

Resistance to the pow’rs that be,  
Is part of man’s infirmity:  
Submission, not to ev’ry gust,  
Nor each temptation t’ward us thrust;

*Soul Immortal.*

But 'bedience to that inner voice,  
Will lead a'right, there is no choice.

Resistance mars the singer's soulful art,  
The conscious muscles will not free the heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

To earth's beauties being stranger  
Blindness feels the cliff's deep danger :  
As blossoms track the sun's footprints  
Unmindful of his with'ring glints.  
The tree astonished, in the brook  
Beholds illusioned there her look  
And shrinks, but leans and looks again ;  
So vanity lures on to pain.

*Soul Immortal.*

If we could look within our own great heart:  
Behold its ev'ry impulse would we start  
To find it much fairer than we had thought?  
Or dwarfed, mis-shapen, dead or passion  
wrought?  
If we could hold the mirror to its beat,  
Would we be humbled, cured of vain conceit?  
O gaze within! reflect not on the face;  
'Tis but a play, unmask and find true grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

The purpose deep and unrevealed,  
Of providence is from us sealed.  
We only know it often strikes  
The very fountain of our likes:  
Where 'throned we rear idealized  
Some hope of ours unrealized.  
Some being who hath reached the goal  
That we look up to in our soul.  
Sudden, from out a cloudless sky  
The hand of providence doth fly  
As lightning's fiery, murd'rous tongue,  
And lo, a nation's heart is wrung.

*Soul Immortal.*

What most we love and most revere  
Draws danger to that object near.

---

If we but knew just when our ship would sail,  
Would we be trim and ready for the gale?  
If we but knew, how diff'rently we'd live;  
How much more thought to readiness we'd  
give.

If we but knew just where the struggle end;  
Would we be harsh? or gent'ler measures lend.  
Ah! if we knew how brief companioned here,  
We'd give less cause to shed the bitter tear.  
We'd prize each moment as it swiftly flew,  
Nor fail one sweet good-night: if we but knew.

---

The serpent sees man as he is,  
And is equipped with fang and hiss;  
For his own safety this is wise;  
Instinct doth tell him, men despise!

Look to the motive, not the deed:  
The blossom covers pois'nous seed.  
What man acts and what intending,  
Probed, may show a diff'rent ending.



*Soul Immortal.*

When first I saw thee, 'twas as a light  
Had sudden' lumed my leaden way:  
I follow'd on through the melting night—  
Your love-beam led me into day.

---

Is it the astral that doth urge  
Us gently o'er the cliff's high verge,  
Where gazing down upon the shore  
We feel an impulse to leap o'er?

Be Reconciled

Death is the whip that snaps man from the heed-  
less course—

'Tis as a bridle to the wayward, fettled horse :  
And knowing not when its dread lash may threat-  
'ning swing,

Invincible he acts, yet mindful of the sting.

Thus, were it not for that unsleeping, watchful eye,  
Man would assume God's better and His laws defy.

Death is the mill that planes the timber smooth—  
The mighty leveler that finds the heart of truth.

L. of C.

## The Jungle

There is a forest city  
On a sloping mountain side,  
And below, a passive river  
Where a fleet of leaflets ride.

Shady castles rear to heaven,  
All the streets are nature's own;  
And the hum of busy creatures  
Lend the breeze a varitone.

There the bee works in the flower,  
The ant his burden packs—  
The spider weaves his silken web,  
And the locust grinds his axe.

The beetle works his smithy,  
His forge is a sun-beam bright;  
The Katy-did sits singing;  
And the darning-needles fight.

The lady-bug's a'dreaming  
On the poppies' golden cup,  
The butter-fly comes wooing  
And wakes the fire-fly up.

*Soul Immortal.*

The June-bug strings the dew-drops  
    Into pearly chaplets wound,  
The yellow-jacket racer  
    Drives the horse-fly round and round.

When bull-frogs blow their whistles  
    And the blue-bells softly ring;  
The forest city slumbers  
    And the crickets scrape a wing.

Dame Night sweeps out her cinders,  
    Sly moonbeams creep about,  
The flowrets close their petals  
    And the breeze fans in and out.

O placid flowing river!  
    O fleet of leaves that ride!  
You have swept my fancy sailing  
    Like a dream upon your tide.

And I could dwell forever  
    'Mid your castles still and fair—  
My muse hath found a haven  
    In the peace that 'bideth there.

Time

O'er yonder dial two shadows creep,  
Across the face of time :  
And as they pass each measured hour,  
Rings the echoing chime.

The stars march on their trackless way ;  
The moon sweeps o'er the night ;  
The sun curves o'er the mountain wall,  
And darkness follows light.

The ocean waves march to and fro  
To Sirens' wind wild song :  
The Islands crumble one by one,  
And join the moving throng.

Deep in the heart of this great globe,  
A constant rhythmic swing,  
Rumbles, grumbles, and grinds away ;  
And mighty rivers spring.

*Soul Immortal.*

This, ev'ry throbbing living force,  
Instinctive comprehends:  
The office of its short career,  
Accomplished ere it ends.

Why should we then, select of God,  
Evade that law sublime?  
Come join the countless caravan  
Nor waste one jot of time.

### The Mating of the Birds

When the merry May-time wakens  
And fair bloom adorns the tree,  
When the mornings mild and sunny  
Weave soft zephyrs o'er the lea:

How the perfume of the blossoms  
Makes the bird-heart palpitate  
As they primp and peep demurely  
On the lookout for a mate.

O! the dancing brooklet gurgles  
As shy sun-beams play about  
O! the blushing wild rose blossoms  
And the butterfly comes out.

How the forest rings with chatter  
And the hum of busy wing,  
And the wooing, chirping, cooing,  
Thrills the heart of ev'ry thing.

*Soul Immortal.*

When the trees grow green and leafy,  
And the shadows cool and deep,  
From a nest that's way up yonder  
You can hear a tiny peep:

And a watchful mother listens  
For the oft belated swain,  
But he comes and brings a supper  
For a hungry little twain.

O, life's journey would be dreary,  
And thrice dull the poet's words,  
If it wasn't for the spring-time,  
And the mating of the birds.



Omega

The stars be-tear'd, weep over earth's lost bloom;  
Night's beauties pale for man's neglected praise;  
The sun doth flame more fierce the sands of time;  
Fair nature droops where once she ruled supreme.  
A voice—a voice doth rise from out the gloom:  
The list'ning planets pause to hear its plaint,  
And grieve to view our state so low, 'twere vain  
To image deeper hell than this, our making.

These fev'rish cheeks made waste by vital loss;  
The low receding skull and low'ring brow;  
The hanging chin and vicious lust-leer'd eyes;  
Are these the heritage of honest toil?  
No! Full lapped plenty is the wanton nurse  
That suckles on her breasts degenerates:  
And they full-grown in power and in greed,  
Enslave by their brute force, our universe.

The veins of man contain what not but blood;  
Impurged of all that's natural and pure:  
Low grov'ling in the bog of avarice,  
He feeds upon his kind, to stuff his purse.

*Soul Immortal.*

The very beasts that now do serve our will,  
Assume our betters; e'en sovereign peers;  
And with their trusting, docile eyes accuse  
Proud man the wanton traffiker of men.

How long will these bow to the Gods we rear?  
How long obey the laws that strangle them?  
How long ere like a tempest's mighty wrath  
The poor oppressed ones shall assume command?  
In that red hour, O God of Gods defend  
Lest they deal us, as we have dealt to them.

. . . . .  
Men varnish ignorance with airs,  
Transparency the truth unbares.

. . . . .  
Envy not any man his hoard of gold;  
Appropriate rich thoughts he cannot hold:  
Tranquility of mind is heaven's balm,  
All wars and social strifes cease in its calm.

. . . . .  
Labor will not wait patiently  
The working out of destiny.  
These problems that confront us now,  
Before our sturdy sons shall bow;  
And they in turn must still contend  
With our same problems, to the end.

The Man Who Works

With work scarred hands, toil bent he stands  
At right of God;  
Industries seal has stamped with zeal  
This vital clod.

Firm pillar'd rest on his broad chest,  
The joists of heav'n:  
He is the pole, the very soul;  
Earth's pulsing leav'n.

Gold the Czar

Out of the delving miners' hands,  
To the refining mint,  
Out of the pond'rous, stamping dies,  
The golden eagles glint.

Swelling the throbbing veins of trade,  
Toning the busy mart:  
Jing'ling merrily through the world,  
The golden sheckels start.

Honor, genius and sceptre bow;  
A world of hands reach out,  
The rich man's God the poor man's God,  
Temptor of priest devout.

Friend of sorrow, friend of gladness,  
Friend of the pure and stained;  
Borrowed, bartered, stolen and begged,  
Gambled, lost and regained.

The widow turns from the new made grave  
To smile on gold's bright face;  
Though youth and love go hand in hand,  
Gold sets the bridal pace.

*Soul Immortal.*

Justice it gives and pays the Judge ;  
It's judgment rules our will :  
Though friend of death, 'tis death of friends,  
Lives on conquering still.

Man rears his temples to the stars,  
Gold rears unto the skies ;  
'Tis the pow'r that lays the stone,  
The where-with-all that buys.

Mountains, rivers, and plains give forth  
Their rich veined golden ore :  
Our ocean greyhounds track the scent,  
And course from shore to shore.

Gold shades the beauty of the song :  
It holds the hands that write ;  
The blushing rose, the maiden's cheek  
Are tinged with its delight.

Gold is Czar of the universe :  
His homage is our toll.  
Gold is the Prince of man's desire,  
The God without a soul.

Wasted Moments

Could we o'erlive the wasted moments, all,  
How much of good is lost beyond recall!  
Why finding fault, with groundless doubts dis-  
tress?

'Tis aimless strife that doth our years oppress.  
Wealth, pow'r and fame, fade with the years  
away:

No tranquil moments gild their passing ray.

O stoop to kiss the childish lips upturn'd,  
Unworthy who such humble offer spurned!

These little acts, as we grow old, enlarge,  
And make us debtor to a costly charge.

O! when one heart beats fondly 'gainst its  
mate,

Two souls link'd thus for life, our true estate.

When two lips, speechless, press against two  
more,

Enraptured wings to love's enhallow'd shore ;

Where two eyes in two other's depths doth see,

And feel a moment of eternity :

Love is the essence of immortal life :

Sweet recompense for bitter, restless strife.

Appreciation

Hast thou a heart? Fear not to tell.  
Hast thou a love? O blessed spell!  
Cherish it day and night,  
Nor let indiff'rence blight;  
Love suffers change.

Hast thou a rose? Enjoy it, too,  
While fragrant with the morning dew.  
Life's midday sun may burn,  
Rose-leaves to ashes turn;  
All fair must fade.

Wouldst thou keep thy golden treasure,  
Canst not leave it at thy pleasure,  
Lest some lone famished heart  
Steal it from thee—depart.  
'Tis lost forever.



### Life's Battles

There's many a mighty battle fought  
That's never written down;  
There's many a knightly soldier brave  
Who'll never wear a crown.

We shudder, all, at the din of war  
That sweeps with bloody tide;  
But never applaud the silent siege  
That's going on inside.

Underneath the calm sweet smile of peace,  
What awful struggles rage;  
And their gains or losses never shine  
On history's golden page.

Facing the hail of deadliest fire,  
With cool and steady head,  
Heroes falling on every side,  
Bravest that ever bled.

God must be proud of His humans, all;  
Facing the judgment day;  
Marshalled at last for our just reward  
At sound of reveille.



Alone!

O day of June!

Beneath whose leafy shade we stood,  
While tuneful zephyrs swept the wood.  
We wandered down the mossy way,  
By paths that wound  
To where a brook leaps into spray  
With joyous bound.  
The birds' song then our hearts beguiled,  
In bush and tree;  
And nodding bloom looked up and smiled  
On you and me.

Here, on this stone we sat and dreamed,  
While our eyes love's radiance beamed.  
How thy soft hand I held, so meek,  
Sent flood of crimson to my cheek.  
When of my love I did confess,  
My soul upwinged, you answered yes!  
'Twas June—your hair was golden brown  
Ere frosts of Autumn settled down.  
Ah we were happy then; but now  
Before the cold gray stone I bow—  
Alone—the birds are singing yet,  
But ever rings one vain regret,  
All through my heart its mournful tone,  
For thou art dead, and I—Alone!

## Music

Vibration—great and unknown force :  
Prime author of velocity—  
Of budding life the pulsing part ;  
Primeval cause of things that be.

Momentum—genius of the breath—  
That tacks the stars to shield of blue :  
That twirls the world in safety round  
And guides the trackless regions through.

Sound—very first born of effect,  
Result of quick'ning atom's clash :  
The sweep of storm, volcanic quake,  
The thunder of the lightning's flash.

Thought—the subtle, the rhythmic force,  
Draws from brain the great recorder :  
Shapes out the diamond from the dross,  
Sorts and lends to chaos, order.

Soul—the spark, the leavening flame  
That makes the morsel good to taste :  
'Tis to the mortal, touch of God—  
The rain drop to the pouting waste.

*Soul Immortal.*

Music—result of all-in-all—  
Essence immortal, dew of thought :  
Gift of heaven ; God's wireless speech—  
Man's answering medium, spirit wrought.

---

Come lay thy hand upon my heart,  
And stay the faintness there ;  
I need the tonic of thy touch,  
I need thy bracing air.

O lend the music of thy speech  
To my o'erburdened ear,  
And lull the tumult of my thoughts  
With words I long to hear.

O hold me thus in fond embrace,  
Your dear face close to mine ;  
Engulf the waves of my quick breath  
In one long kiss divine.

*Soul Immortal.*

This day an hundred years and you and I—  
These beacons that lure us on a pace;  
Light bosomed on the wind shall sweep as dust,  
To sting the nostrils of another race.  
Short time, and then, this flesh we hold so dear,  
Shall cease to thrill—O grave uncertain gain?  
A show'r of stars that falling lose their glow,  
And leave no glimmer in their downward train.  
New wits shall ponder deep as we have done,  
But all their wisdom shall as bubbles burst:  
They'll point out wisely where our knot hath  
    slipped;  
Then leave the thread where we began at first.  
An hundred years—shall we have ceased to be?  
Shall hearts that love and lips that fervent pray  
Be heaped a'pile or scattered, crust the earth?  
Restored, shall we tread God's glorious way?  
Shall these sweet sounds that charm the ear awhile,  
Pass in the hush of night and be forgot?  
And will that awful silence never break—?  
The voiceless future turns; replyeth not.

## Your Soul and Mine

I've found my soul, dear heart, at last,  
Not in the air, the sea, the sky,  
Nor in the winds that scurry by;  
Not in the pearls of nature's crown,  
Nor in the hills' majestic frown;  
Nor yet, in music's magic spell  
Where souls most frequently do dwell;  
But in your love and in your eyes  
Were my first glimpse of paradise.  
Pure as the dew that decks the vine,  
Thy love is heav'n, then heav'n is mine.  
I've found my soul in your dear eyes,  
Two stars plucked out from night's dark skies:  
Since thou art mine, O gift divine!  
Thou art my soul and I am thine!

'Twould Be For Thee

If midst the battle's crimson heat,  
When vict'ry perching on my sword,  
E'en though the act should bring defeat,  
I'd turn to hear one tender word:  
'Twould be for thee.

And too, if thou shouldst bid me come,  
There is no power could hold me;  
My soul would circle heaven's dome,  
Until my fond arms enfold thee:  
'Twould be for thee.

Falt'ring in yon radiant sphere,  
Heav'n's holiest offerings spurned;  
Seraphic music fail my ear,  
My longing eyes be earthward turned:  
'Twould be for thee.

*Soul Immortal.*

What care I for that kind of man  
That struts across life's narrow span.  
He is not All—as men have said;  
To praise 'twere safest when he's dead.  
For to that wisdom he hath grown,  
He lives by wits, are not his own:  
Peers as genius o'er his glasses—  
Back of all, his ears are ass's.  
And O the things he's going to be,  
Backed up of course by you and me.  
But best of all he frets not us;  
His vaultings vain were ever thus:  
While he believes in brotherhood,  
Yet is he never understood:  
That is a fact he justly claims;  
It justifies his selfish aims.  
Be thankful then that you and I  
Need not upon his faith rely.

Desire

From day to day I'd live in those around me,  
Nor let the quest of transient gain confound me;  
Out with all scorn and hate, so peace destroying,  
I'd live above the rude, the soul annoying.

Scheming man doth crowd his brother for a space,  
'Till umpire Death coldly rules him from the race:  
What are the great but vain glow-worms after  
all—

They shine awhile, then infinitesimal fall.  
In sweet contentment if my God be willing;  
I'd live and learn, my whole trust here fulfilling;  
And leave the spoil for those who must vault  
higher,  
Who tethered, fret their days with vain uncurbed  
desire.



Inconstant Muse

Fly thou round my mental lamp,  
My fluttering thought, I vamp!  
Bright with well wrought imagery,  
Light winged soars my reverie.  
Vanish crude unwieldy thought;  
Banish words that portend nought:  
Blend me with some tuneful muse,  
Send me over paths I choose:  
Where immured from shallow pride  
There unfettered dreams abide.  
Housed at last in hearts of men—  
Roused at last my fervent pen  
Graves upon the coming years,  
Laves the dark fringed gulf with tears.  
Let me lay the shade of calm—  
Wet some wound with healing balm—  
Still some billow'd heart of fears—  
Fill a wonted void of years—  
Take man back, or lift him up—  
Slake desire from thought's deep cup.  
Or, I'll write with tint of fire—  
Score some deep unmet desire—

*Soul Immortal.*

Brand with flame the heart of stone—  
Hand and surface down and tone.  
No, I'll calmly pass o'er death—  
O the feeble halting breath—  
How my feeble halting speech  
Now aroused but cannot reach,  
High summ'd desire awaits unheard;  
Cry out my soul, I lack a word!

---

There is ripe golden grain in the meadow of God,  
That has sprung from the soul of the life giving  
clod;  
And awaits in its fullness the touch of His hand  
When He gathers it home to the dear Harvest  
Land.

There's a glory of bloom near the end of the road,  
And a sheltering vale where we lighten our load:  
There a brooklet of mercy flows down thro the  
tare,  
Where we step from the night into God's meadow  
fair.

When the gold of the dawn streaks the heavenly  
bourne,  
Wakes the song of the lark, and it wafts o'er the  
morn.

*Soul Immortal.*

And the poppies release from their slumberous  
hold,  
We shall wake face to face with our shepherd of  
old.

---

When all is written, thought and said,  
Our philosophy slips a thread ;  
And tangled in the circles track,  
We find that we have wandered back  
To port, where we at first set sail,  
Theorums proved of no avail.  
Our ism's have but one result,  
We fail for names to give each cult.  
Hub-centered like, within the wheel,  
The goal lies just beyond our feel :  
There sweeps along the spokes of time,  
The thrill of truth's great orb sublime.  
Drawn by resistless shafts, the mind,  
Leaves time's full records far behind.

Here we've cut down nature's fairest,  
There we've passed o'er wisdom's rarest :  
Thus track on track we overlay,  
Returning e'er the same old way.  
To us our speed seems infinite ;  
In truth we have not moved a mite.

*Soul Immortal.*

Our little wheel must circle o'er  
Full many hundred circles more  
Than the great universe we rove  
Which shaft-wise rests on us above.

---

It were not wisdom here to teach,  
To just what heights the mind may reach:  
The brain defaults just on the edge  
Wherein we place the ent'ring wedge.  
Reason has its limitation,  
'Yond that sweeps imagination.  
Imagination given sway,  
Doth smudge the spark of truth away.  
Take truth from our deductions strong  
We have the lark without the song.  
One step below or 'bove the plane  
O'ertips the scales—we are insane.  
Live in harmony with the best,  
Aspire, and trust God for the rest.

---

I hope there'll be a sunset golden,  
    When I bid the world good-night.  
I hope there will no leaden sky  
    Overcloud my failing sight:

*Soul Immortal.*

I want to sail down the crimson west,  
When the ocean rocks the sun to rest,  
And the stars smile out on eve's fair breast,  
When I bid the world good-night.

I hope there will surge a flood of song,  
To charm away ev'ry fear,  
A crooning breeze mid the list'ning trees  
As the twilight cometh near:  
I want to hear the nest winging the bird;  
The tink'ling bell of the homing herd;  
A soothing voice and a tender word;  
When I bid the world good-night.

---

This body's but a transient tent  
That shelters for a night;  
And folds when our short hour is spent,  
The soul fares with the light.

---

When mind hath reached the mountain top  
And there to gaze around must stop;  
We'll look down o'er the selfish past,  
Where dust to dust our spires are massed,  
As mighty legions passed of old;  
So time will bury neath its mould.

*Soul Immortal.*

Still gazing t'ward his goal in vain,  
Man must descend and start again:  
Then with this age of metal o'er,  
The soul will grow within the core,  
And each aspiring heart will aim,  
Beyond the glory and the fame.

Inventive force will turn from greed  
And lend its power to heaven's need.

Now, all man's thought employed for self;  
He builds therewith to hide his pelf.  
What gain to his immortal part,  
Comes from the mast'ry of his art?

Beyond this mighty age of steel;  
Beyond the drift of woe and weal;  
God's age is coming with its hush;  
To silence all the din and crush.

Naught but good thoughts survive the hour:  
The derelicts of manhood's flow'r  
Caught in time's ever ebbing tide,  
Upon eternal reefs shall ride.  
Ends our transient little show,  
Beneath the breakers, far below.

*Soul Immortal.*

In that next age no human want  
Shall stare with features wan and gaunt ;  
But each with pious act intent  
To charity, all effort bent :  
And poorest he who all hath gained,  
But hath not growth of soul attained.

Sweet music, tender speech of God,  
Shall triumph o'er discordant clod ;  
And men shall sing upon the peak,  
Exalted to the goal they seek :  
Thus ev'ry force of thought will vie,  
To train subjective impulse high.

Our's is the next last act of all :  
One more, and then the curtain fall.  
The plot will reach its climax then,  
And God will greet his fellow men.  
In that rapt hour our eyes may read  
Divine fruition of the seed.  
Mankind will know his true intent,  
And all his force to heaven lent ;  
This mighty pageant shall sweep on,  
Beneath the arch eternal drawn :  
Restored, each soul will find its own,  
And love, triumphant on the throne.



*Soul Immortal.*

Then ev'ry sphere its glow will lend  
To glorify the fitting end.  
Beneath the calcium of truth,  
All tongues shall voice eternal sooth.

Man will behold his destiny:  
The triumph of Divinity.  
So falls the curtain o'er the glow,  
The plot is played, the end we know.

---

Inadequate! how vain I group,  
The words my tongue would trip,  
How pale the colors of the brush  
Of thought, flow off my lip.

Like jewel from earth's carboned depths  
The words my soul would throw,  
Must season thro a thousand years,  
Ere their radiance glow.

7



Night—

When the golden columns lay,  
Fading o'er the western way:  
When the darkness falleth fast,  
And the sun is hid at last:  
When the watchers of the skies  
Ope' from sleep their blinking eyes:  
When the moon's enlambent ray,  
Over mountain fades away.  
When the star-mist damps the vine,  
Thirsting for the dewy wine:  
When the slaves of daylight sleep,  
Flies the bat, then forth I creep:  
From the fastness of the pines,  
Where the hot sun never shines:  
Creeping through each haunted nook,  
Drinking at each silver'd brook:  
Over fenn and rocky steep,  
Into caverns silence deep.  
Standing on some lofty peak,  
Far below, bright morning's streak  
Marks the coming of a day  
O'er the dark and misty way.

*Soul Immortal.*

Closing round my mystic bars  
O'er the morn-kissed moon and stars,  
Then I turn me from the light;  
I love not day, My realm is night.

---

What is there in this world of our's  
That makes our life worth living?  
What is there when we sum it all,  
That's worth the thought we're giving?

'Tis springtime's fragrant merriness,  
With blossoms smiling tender;  
The skies, the birds, the tuneful winds,  
The sunset's dying splendor.

'Tis love, the master stroke of all—  
'Tis true friendship's holy bond,  
The waking voice of childhood's bloom,  
All these make the heart grow fond.

What is there in this world of ours?  
Fair days of wond'rous learning,  
Whose nights, though sombered by our tears,  
Have roused the soul's up-yearning.

*Soul Immortal.*

An owl sat by day in a gilded cage,  
Contented as he could be;  
And dream'd that his cage was the wide, wide  
world;  
His perch the limb of a tree.

He looked toward night, as we toward heav'n,  
And he longed his wings to try.  
He dream'd of the wonders he would behold,  
As thro the great world he'd fly.

When night came he gazed in a hopeless way,  
Out from his prison bars,  
And longed to forget in his sightless day  
The moon and the twinkling stars.

A moral we glean, from this prison'd bird;  
'Twere better to dream than know:  
As long as we think we're happy and free;  
'Tis as good as if 'twere so.

---

If I were only a swallow,  
I'd pause not a moment to rest;  
'Till close by your bloom-clad window  
I'd built me a snug little nest.

*Soul Immortal.*

If I were only a moonbeam,  
I'd play in your dark flowing hair ;  
Rest on your sweet lips a moment,  
Impressing my fond kisses there.

Were I a rose in your garden,  
I'd sigh for a place on your breast ;  
There neath your glances so tender ;  
I'd wither contented and blest.

---

He built as glitt'ring pyre of words,  
As poet ever wrought :  
'Mid pride of fulsome praise he gazed,  
O'er his expressive thought.

But musing deeply of a night,  
There struck from off the flint ;  
A word that lit one life aglow :  
Rememb'rance bears the tint.

---

O how I long for the calm  
That follows after the storm,  
When the wind is dead,  
The storm clouds have fled,  
And the sun shines bright and warm.

*Soul Immortal.*

Yes I've a longing for rest—  
    Weary of life's shifting tide;  
        And my way-worn sails  
        Are torn by the gales,  
Adrift on life's ocean wide.

O for a calm restful hour—  
    To still my billowy way;  
        Let my eyes discern  
        O'er yon distant bourne,  
The light of a better day.

O blessed haven of peace,  
    Where we lighten load of care;  
        My long journey passed  
        I'll anchor at last,  
In the calm that's waiting there.

Part IX.



YOUTH.

The sexton's journeys shorter grow,  
His shoulders square, begin to bow:  
He leans more heavy on my arm;  
Indeed, it fills me with alarm  
To see his eyes fixed distantly,  
As in some absent reverie.

Old age is nodding on the brink,  
Wherein to fairer dreams doth sink.

The distant walks, once his delight,  
Are taken now in mental flight:  
The dells, the hills, the wooded ways,  
He travels o'er in thoughtful gaze;  
From his soft pillow'd easy chair  
He drinketh in the landscape fair,  
And bends his ear to catch the song,  
That wafts amid the forest's throng.

Oft', I have moved him in the night,  
Close to the window, where the light  
Of harvest moon hath kissed his hair,  
And left stray spangles glowing there.



*Soul Immortal.*

Oft', in heav'ns canopy of blue,  
We've watched, the stars come tremb'ling thro':  
When he, too feeble more to write,  
From off his lips I would indite  
Some sonnet from the astral tide,  
Whose vital reasonings abide.

Thus deep entranced, inspired he sings,  
While far away subjective wings.

---

What are those sounds that thrill the tranquil  
night;  
What rhythmic cadence, borne from yonder height,  
That grandly falls upon my raptured ears;  
Is it a requiem of marching spheres?

Each orb alert, doth mark God's rhythmic beat,  
And with full voice they swell the chorus meet;  
As gath'ring round, the radiant stars rehearse;  
God sets the "tempo" of His universe.

The lucent ether jars the astral shafts,  
And o'er the earth a heav'nly music wafts;  
Is it a dirge o'er Bethlehem's lost star,  
That falls from out the glowing regions far?

*Soul Immortal.*

Sing on! O, sing! majestic choir above,  
Waft me the theme of His eternal love;  
Ring! Joyful ring! from out the gladdened skies,  
Till free'd o'er the night, my spirit shall rise.

Recall me not from thy ecstatic spell,  
My soul shall find thee, star I love so well;  
Soon I shall join you o'er yon azured bars,  
Thou mighty choir of love enharmoned stars.

---

YOUTH.

Last night he called me to his bed,  
Upon his features death was spread.

SEXTON.

Come my son, sit close beside me,  
I've a wish I would confide thee;  
It deals with my beatitude,  
The hour requires your fortitude.

Ere two more sunsets I shall pass  
From contact with this failing mass,  
To that beyond, wherein we've sought  
To penetrate with lofty thought.

*Soul Immortal.*

Stay idle tears! art thou not wise  
In knowing what beyond this lies?

---

The dying never weep!  
But gazing t'ward some distant land,  
Their life ebbs out like grains of sand  
That seaward creep.

The dying never weep!  
As clouds along the eastern bourne  
Await the burst of golden morn,  
They do but sleep.

---

Our parting shall but transient be,  
For thoughts commune eternally.

---

I have a wish concerns me deep  
Before my soul hath quit its keep;  
It is that you not linger here,  
In this too gloomy atmosphere;  
Acquainted now with mental laws,  
You are prepared to spread our cause:

*Soul Immortal.*

You should launch forth into the world  
Where learning's banners are unfurled:  
Contact with opposites of kind  
Doth round and mellow out the mind.

Go make a wake, and like the gull,  
Success will flutter round your hull:  
Sweeps a wave o'er tranquil ocean,  
Stirs the waters all to motion:  
Thus doth a thrust of tempered strength  
Vibrate along the heavens length.

Be not sure that every act  
Must bear a due amount of tact,  
But do and dare and do not pause  
To listen for the world's applause.

If you depend on friendship's power  
To help you, you shall rue the hour;  
For work and sterling worth alone,  
Can place you safely on the throne.

. . . . .  
Show me not the somber oak  
With it's stern forbidding cloak;  
Rather some fair fragrant bloom  
That shall brighten up the gloom.

*Soul Immortal.*

Life is vague and death is sure,  
Let our laughter then endure.

See the flower't of the glade  
How it smiling meets the blade:  
Hath it not diviner trust,  
'Than we chosen sons of dust?  
Hopeful live, do not borrow  
Somber thoughts of to-morrow:  
Glad to come, resigned to go,  
'Trusting Him who wills it so.

. . . . .

On, my faltering scholar on!  
Pause not until the battle's won!  
On, there is no such word as "fail",  
If pure and healthful thought avail.  
Onward; enmartyred to our cause,  
Teach to the world subjective laws:  
Launch afar out into the deep;  
Absorb the glame while idlers sleep:  
Be not too eager for a name,  
Despise that transient bubble, "fame":  
Upright, e'en boldly true to self,  
And be not swayed by greed for pelf.  
Condemn not idly any creed;  
'True worth is gauged by earnest deed.

*Soul Immortal.*

Thus onward ever undismayed,  
A strength to those who are afraid.  
Onward! with life's deep purpose clear,  
Falt'ring not when the goal is near.  
'Tis onward when the babe is born:  
Onward! toward a brighter morn,  
On! Onward let your watchword be,  
Upward toward eternity!

YOUTH.

Continuing that fervent strain,  
His voice breaks on my ear again.

SEXTON.

It ever has been my desire  
That when at last I should expire,  
Fit disposition I could make  
Of my old body past the break  
Of the subjective from its coil,  
And leave it not to common spoil.

There, in the cloister 'tis decreed,  
That they who from their faith secede,  
Shall not repose within their field;  
For fear death's sacredness may yield  
To some contaminating stain,  
That may work evil to their gain

*Soul Immortal.*

Of heaven, that long prayed for goal  
Of refuge for the restless soul.  
You dare not tomb my body here  
Within their meadow, hallowed, dear.

Since you are all that I have left,  
From brotherhood I die bereft:  
Think not that I regret the fact;  
I have made profit by their act.  
For where more gentle hands than thine,  
To close these drowsy lids of mine?

Thus, I consign unto your care,  
This body when no soul is there.  
When oblivion's icy trace  
Hath left its mark upon my face:  
Dispose the husk as suits your will;  
But this fond wish I'd have you fill.

Could I but choose my spot to die,  
'Twould be out doors neath cloudless sky;  
When night bird's song thrills soft and sweet,  
And bloom decked branches fragrant meet;

There would I die!

I want no stifling room to hold;  
I want no winding sheet to fold;  
But free my tethered soul perchance,  
With all creation, for expanse.

Thus would I die.



*Soul Immortal.*

Go build a raft of timbers meet  
And ere too feeble grow my feet  
Assist me to my rustic bed;  
Let mossy pillow rest my head;  
Then, when the sun hath tipped the west  
And rims the clouds with golden crest;  
When eve's first lamps swing out aloft;  
Cut loose and let my ark drift soft  
And silent on the rivers breast,  
Toward the ocean of sweet rest;  
'Tween boughs embrace from side to side,  
Within whose shadows dreams abide.

Thus launched upon His tranquil sea,  
Eternal tides shall trundle me,  
Mid calm and tempest t'ward the Isle  
That lies beyond the after while.

Wait not for death before we sail;  
I am impatient for the gale.  
I'd fain be well upon my way,  
Ere coming night hath kissed the day.  
I long to view the tranquil sea,  
Where my lost star shines brilliantly.

J



*Soul Immortal.*

Far away I hear them calling,  
Angel voices sweet and low;  
And I hear their chorus singing,  
Soft and slow, so soft and slow.

How divine the heav'nly music  
Falls upon my raptured ear;  
Fills my inmost soul with longing,  
Sounding clear, yes sounding clear.

Far away, like stars unnumbered,  
Wends the radiant heav'nly band;  
I can hear the glad bells ringing,  
Happy land, bright happy land.

I am coming! I am coming!  
Open wide the mercy gates,  
I shall soon be singing with you;  
How the thought my soul elates!

---

YOUTH.

With inspiring thoughts I left him,  
Hastened down to the river's rim;  
Ten sturdy monarchs of the wood  
I felled and wrought as best I could,

*Soul Immortal.*

Into a raft with faggots bound :  
Then draped with branches all around.  
Laid a cot of leaves fair tinted ;  
Culled from autumn's rarest minted.  
Of green moss I wove his pillow,  
Bending 'round the weeping willow.  
The slanting bier I thoughtful placed,  
So that the barge's prow he faced.  
Then at his feet a cross I reared :  
Wound immortelles, all dew beteared,  
A lamp of glowing blossoms white,  
To light him thro the coming night.  
A maple helm I built 'astern  
To guide us safely past the turn ;  
And clustered 'round the cypress dark,  
With brilliant crimson hemlock bark.

My eyes let slip the vagrant tear :  
Each turn recalled some mem'ry dear ;  
His very life to mine had grown,  
His thoughts a mirage of my own.

The raft completed, then I bound  
It to the gently sloping ground ;  
Where silent eddies playful glide ;  
Swerving in from the river's tide.

*Soul Immortal.*

My loving task performed, I sped  
Up thro the meadow of the dead.

The sun has just begun to fall  
Upon the lower western wall:  
October's chilling ev'ning breeze,  
Clatters the dead leaves from the trees.  
Further up the mountain, faintly  
Wings the sound of chorus saintly,  
And low, the organ's solemn din,  
Fades far away; the monks file in.

I paused a moment at the latch  
Of the old sexton's lowly thatch:  
Softly opened the creaky door;  
Long deep shadows swept in before:  
Pausing a moment more—I heard,  
His soul to fervent prayer was stirred.

Conquering my deep emotion  
In a spirit of devotion.  
I knelt down softly by his side;  
Swung back the dark'ning shutters wide.

The sun is laying tints of rest  
Upon the altars of the west.  
Released, the fluffy mists afloat,  
Wrap round the eve' their ermine coat.

*Soul Immortal.*

Swift riding in upon the breeze,  
The crisp frost stings the sighing trees,  
And beads their boughs with dewy globes  
That spangle on the twilight's robes.  
The pouting river languid waits  
The moon that yonder cliff belates ;  
And kissed by day's soft slumb'rous glance,  
Faint blushes on the ripples dance.

Beams his face with radiant flush  
Of sainted glories crowning blush :  
His hand he gently lifts to bless,  
And on my brow his fingers press.  
Then bids me leave him 'lone awhile,  
I go, but mark the tranquil smile  
That beams just as the cadence thrills,  
Of the Angelus from the hills.

Echoes cleave the ambient air,  
And nature bows in silent prayer.  
As music in his soul doth soar,  
These fervent words he murmurs o'er :

---

SEXTON.

O render me some melody,  
Upheld with chords divine ;  
Unwind some impulse of your soul,  
And weave it into mine.

*Soul Immortal.*

O lend the strings a pressure soft,  
Sustaining, clear and deep;  
In tenderness weave in a tear—  
Play on! I fain would weep.

Play on and let the great chords ring,  
Bring out the surging swells;  
Then soften to a faint low hush,  
Like dying, distant bells.

And, if you have a tender voice,  
Express but one rich word;  
That shall fall on my list'ning ear,  
The sweetest ever heard.

Then leave me, with the lights turned dim,  
While flooding fancies swoon;  
With the infinitude beyond,  
My thoughts will hold commune.

---

YOUTH.

Fearful to break his raptured spell  
I waited till the tolling bell  
Had hushed beyond the ebbing tide;  
He called, I hastened to his side.

*Soul Immortal.*

SEXTON.

Come hither, son ; the hour is here,  
You must now lead me to my bier  
While this last flush of strength is left,  
Before my life 'scapes thro the cleft :  
Lend me your arm, O ever true !  
My prayers all ascend for you.

I'll give one parting glance around,  
O'er this enhallowed bit of ground.

Farewell ! thou dark encloister'd hall,  
Farewell ! thou somber, silent wall.

Goodnight dear brothers of the hood,  
In heav'n our ways are understood.  
I shall lead on, and mark the way  
Your feet will travel o'er some day.

Out from the shadow of the cross,  
Casting my burdens away ;  
I'm passing from all that is dross ;  
Leaving this casket of clay.

Out of the rough, unfinished life,  
On into one just begun,  
A pause in the struggle and strife ;  
Seeing the goal nearly run.

*Soul Immortal.*

Launched on the silent, vast unknown,  
With nothing to fear or dread:  
Dear loving hands guiding my own;  
Ethereal paths I tread.

Death's only the sigh fleeting breath,  
The changing of steeds o'er night:  
A flight from the thralldom of death;  
Into the freedom of light.

\* \* \* \* \*

Free as winged thought the astral springs,  
And mounts to heaven on its wings:  
Now lead me forth to my last bed,  
Where ends this tangled earthly thread.

YOUTH.

Slow down the hill I helped him wrapt,  
Tho ev'ry step his forces sap't.  
At last I placed him tenderly  
To dream his last deep reverie;  
Tossed on the billow'd river, light,  
And waited for the word of flight.

Astern made fast at his request,  
Our faithful skiff to duty pressed;  
To bear me safe to land again,  
When we cut loose upon the main.



*Soul Immortal.*

While scarce the moon was on the climb,  
The sexton motioned that 'twas time:  
Severing the hawser's binding,  
Drift we down the river winding.

---

With barge and pole,  
Light o'er the shoal,  
    We glide, we glide.  
The crystal stream  
Whirls in a dream,  
    And wide, and wide.

The fish below  
Dart to and fro,  
    And leap, and leap,  
As round the bend  
We slowly wend  
    O'er deep, o'er deep.

The trees bend o'er  
The sloping shore,  
    And dip, and dip;  
The current bends  
The leafy ends,  
    That skip, that skip.



*Soul Immortal.*

A startled deer,  
From tangle near,  
    Takes flight, takes flight;  
Leaps o'er the ground,  
With graceful bound,  
    And light, and light.

We pass the steep  
Where brooklets leap,  
    And whirl, and whirl;  
And dash with spray  
Their mossy way,  
    And purl, and purl.

Water flowers,  
Fragrant bowers,  
    Abound, abound;  
Whose colors gay  
Bedeck the way  
    Around, around.

On past the shoal  
We lightly roll,  
    And sweep the deep;  
Where boiling swell,  
Their warnings tell  
    Of rocks that sleep.

*Soul Immortal.*

The day sinks low,  
With golden glow,  
    So bright, so bright;  
And shadows creep,  
Adown the steep,  
    Comes night, comes night.

The moon sails o'er,  
With silver lore  
    Of beams, of beams;  
Casts them away  
O'er slumb'ring day,  
    And the streams, the streams.

SEXTON.

How bless'd permitted thus to die,  
Earth's fairest landscapes passing by.  
We'll follow down the river wends  
Unto the ocean, where it ends.  
Hark! there's the vesper chanting clear,  
Upon the bracing atmosphere,

Soft lights from out the cloister flush,  
Then vanish, falls a solemn hush.

*Soul Immortal.*

A shepherd watchful guards his flock  
That slumbers round, on yonder rock,  
And countless stars press thro the sky  
And smile a'down with twink'ling eye.  
Now the kaleidoscopic scene  
Fades where valley'd mists o'er-screen.

YOUTH.

The little streams, with varied drip,  
Their tinkling rythmic cadence trip,  
And weave a song into night's woof,  
As rain drips from the pattered roof:  
Then prattle on their bubbling way  
A sheen of moon-enbrightened spray.

\* \* \* \* \*

We sweep the rapids quickly o'er  
Neath brushing branches close to shore,  
Where wild, impulsive waters rush,  
Whose murmurs fainter grow and hush,  
An echo on the wind's low breath:  
Sweet melancholy hour of death.

Why doth the note of sadness  
Steal into the gayest song?  
Why grows the singer silent,  
As life steps quickly along?

*Soul Immortal.*

Why that counter melody  
Distracting the dreams that surge?  
Behind the gay musician  
Stands death, and he plays a dirge!

---

SEXTON.

What peace is this indeed, to drift,  
While heav'nly hands reach down to lift  
My soul up thro the melting night;  
Unto eternal realms of light.

What lofty music charms my ear,  
Descends from out the atmosphere.

Life strains exulting at the breach,  
Long fettered, now its wings out-reach.  
Like captive bird it longs to try  
Its pinions on the azure sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

The body suffers, but the mind exalts,  
And in that deep hypnosis, pain defaults.

*Soul Immortal.*

YOUTH.

Soon the river banks grow distant,  
And the current less insistent :  
Then the water's heaving motion  
Tells us we are on the ocean.

\* \* \* \* \*

From out yon night-hid, rocky height,  
Flasheth the light-house beacon, bright ;  
And seems to lay a path for me,  
Unto the wave-kissed reach of lea.

Hopeful, I point toward its beam :  
But his rapt gaze, as in a dream,  
Is fixed upon the ev'ning star  
That smileth down from regions far.

---

Now over the tide  
The deep shadows glide,  
As night wings over the spray :  
The still waters gleam  
With the shimm'ring beam  
Of harbor lights o'er the way.

*Soul Immortal.*

I hear the soft knell  
Of a distant bell,  
A'waft from the city far :  
Where the sailors hear  
And greet with a cheer ;  
Nearing the home harbor bar.

Across the dark sky  
The light vapors fly ;  
And the zephyrs softly play :  
The moon sheds her beam  
As soft as a dream,  
From star-lit streets far away.

Hark! From that bright shore  
An anthem swells o'er ;  
I follow its theme a'far :  
O'er billows that toss  
Shines God's holy cross,  
A'gleam o'er the home harbor bar.

---

Fair Luna leans low o'er the west ;  
Unrolls upon the ocean's breast ;  
And o'er her beaming carpet spread,  
The tide sweeps on with stately tread.

*Soul Immortal.*

Zephyrus, shepherd of the waves,  
Herds them home to his shelt'ring caves;  
Beneath his breath their fleecy spray,  
Gambols along the moonlit way.

Northward, Boreas frowning waits:  
As hungry wolf he contemplates  
The tranquil herd and longs to clasp  
The weary straggler in his grasp.

SEXTON.

Thro the murkiness of night  
Sweeps a glow of spectral light.  
Thro a misty veil I see  
Phantom faces smile on me.  
'Mid the host I clearly trace  
My dear mother's sainted face.  
My dear father's form doth glide  
From the shadow at her side,  
And I know from their rapt smile  
They have passed beyond the guile.  
There's a form glides over there,  
On the light vibrating air,

*Soul Immortal.*

That of old I laid to sleep,  
Where enpurpled myrtles creep.  
She is bending o'er me now  
And glad welcome wreaths her brow,  
Streaming free, like threads of gold,  
On the breeze her locks unfold.  
Now she guides my rustic ark,  
Thro the terrors of the dark.  
With a shining, silver strand,  
Held within her slender hand.

YOUTH.

Far drift we now on open sea,  
Where dimly fadeth gray the lea.

SEXTON.

From wave to wave in perfect trust  
Unmindful of the tempest's gust:  
Love pilots me.  
The undiscovered now is found,  
Its shore-line girds the heavens round:  
Love pilots me.  
From cloud to cloud upon the air,  
Unburdened, forth my soul doth fare.  
Love pilots me.

K



*Soul Immortal.*

From star to star heav'nward I rise,  
God's stepping stones to paradise,  
Love pilots me.  
Fulfilled, my duties now are o'er,  
I'll trust my pilot evermore,  
And wake to view the sunlit shore:  
Love pilots me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Release the helm and let me roam,  
With love to light me safely home:  
Good-night fair youth, God comfort thee,  
I am restored, eternally.

---

YOUTH.

I quit the helm and bending near,  
I strive his failing breath to hear.

The pulseless chill is on his cheek,  
Yet finds he breath enough to speak:  
"We'll meet again!"—and then I heard  
His last verse flutter word to word:

*Soul Immortal.*

“O tide eternal,  
Swift bear me over  
To shores supernal,  
Where angels hover.  
Waters are dashing,  
Thunders are crashing,  
Lightnings are flashing  
O'er abyss of dread.

You whom I cherish,  
O weep not, but wait;  
Souls cannot perish,  
That God doth create.  
He'll not forsake me,  
But homeward take me;  
Speak and awake me  
And bid me to rise.

When all is over  
May Thy will be done;  
This homeless rover  
Then faces Thy throne.  
Sweet be the waking,  
Heaven's dawn breaking,  
Earthly dust shaking,  
For evermore.”

*Soul Immortal.*

YOUTH.

At that last word his waiting thought  
Departed to the regions sought,  
And left his body pulseless, cold:  
Thus passed he from my loving hold.  
O how I longed the tuneful sound,  
Of his dear songful voice, but found,  
His lips were sealed past all recall:  
Then wept I long upon his pall.

---

Have you ever stood in the after hush,  
That follows the last good-bye,  
When the heart grows faint with receding  
steps,  
And the fevered eyes are dry?

While your lips yet thrill with the last long  
kiss,  
Your thoughts follow on and on,  
And the future mocks with the ling'ring  
glance,  
From one that is gone!—is gone!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Soul Immortal.*

Alone with death upon the sea,  
The waters grinding mournfully.

\* \* \* \* \*

I strew the dead leaves gently o'er him ;  
The quick'ning breeze sweeps them before him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bury the hopes have lived and perished,  
The phantom dreams the heart hath cherished ;  
Under the leaves.

Bury the pain of sad awakings,  
The tears and sighs of rude heart-breakings ;  
Under the leaves

Bury them all where the night wind weaves  
A brilliant shroud of the dying leaves,  
And from the tomb where your sorrows sleep,  
A new and glorious life shall leap.

\* \* \* \* \*

The poet and his muse have passed ;  
His soul waits by the stream :  
His fragile fame could not endure  
The disillusion swift and sure,  
Of terrestrial dream.

*Soul Immortal.*

The bending willows kiss the tide,  
As Charon poles him o'er:  
Zephyrus moans the touching sight  
And scatters dead leaves down the night,  
To spread his course before.

Famed Orpheus, his lute attunes,  
To charm the way with song:  
Torn, heart and soul thro changing state,  
Yet braving all uncertain fate:  
The tide bears him along.

Prophetic Sybil's smile from shore,  
Stern Minos waives his trial,  
His thirst he slakes in cooling Lethe  
And straight forgets all woe and death,  
Beneath Zeus' fav'ring smile.

Elysium Isles be his 'bode,  
For he hath braved the scorn  
Of friends that would not lend an ear,  
All heedless of his efforts here,  
His tender bosom torn.

But hark! a word hath lodgement found  
In one o'erburdened breast,  
His verses then were not in vain,  
For by that word a life were gain—  
In peace then let him rest.

*Soul Immortal.*

I left him then, and pulled to shore,  
The distance 'tween grew more and more.  
The moon concealed by misty pall,  
Retires behind the ocean's wall;  
And darkness draws her garments tight  
Around the bending form of night,  
The stars fade pallid o'er the scene,  
A master wave sweeps in between—  
And we that were in life so near  
Are drifting each to foreign sphere:  
I, t'ward yon lighthouse on the shore,  
He, t'ward his star forevermore.

\* \* \* \* \*

E'en while I pulled a steady oar  
Toward the ever nearing shore,  
My eyes still trace the fading cross  
Of immortelles that whitely toss:  
Till one wave, greater than the rest,  
Uplifts the bier upon its crest:  
The glowing cross is borne on high  
Like white-winged gull upon the sky,  
The wave then rushes grandly on—  
I look again—the barge is gone!

*Soul Immortal.*

Alone! I feel his presence still,  
An old familiar song doth thrill,  
Lends courage to my failing heart,  
His spirit never will depart.

---

Backward and forward swings the sea  
In wearisome monotony;  
Now like a monster curving o'er;  
Now lovingly it laves the shore;  
Forms in crests that break and purl,  
Or storm-tossed vessels madly hurl  
Upon dread reefs a crushing fling,  
Then rolls on with unceasing swing.

O dark, unfathomable deep!  
What mysteries shall forever sleep  
Within your mighty confines dark,  
Where lies the lore of hapless barque!  
Roll on, then, in God-given course!  
Roll on with unconquerable force!  
Your glowing streets of coral red,  
No mortal feet shall ever tread;  
Your em'rald banks and silvered caves  
Are hidden safely 'neath your waves.



*Soul Immortal.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Toward the east, Sol's warming flame,  
Swift o'er the gray horizon came,  
And reared his columned shafts of day,  
Upon the marbled banks of spray.

\* \* \* \* \*

As sweeps the morn across the sea,  
A sense of peace steals over me:  
A surcease from the night's sad quest,  
My wearied fancy longs for rest.  
For God hath placed in each a soul  
That restless longs to know its goal,  
And faring on unceasingly,  
O'erlives the great eternity.  
Objective sight so dim and short,  
Cannot behold the distant port:  
Like pilot on untraveled sea,  
Steer we too methodically,  
Hoping to sight a promised land.  
What land? We know not, but some strand  
Whereon we each may rest content,  
Perhaps? Or face with wonder reverent,  
The pow'r that doth unseal earth's womb,  
To life again, beyond the tomb.



*Soul Immortal.*

Until such moment, we must swing,  
Ever within this mortal fling:  
Content to gaze on wave and sky,  
Nor question what beyond them lie.  
Content to cultivate the mind  
To bear the secrets deep entwined,  
That lurk in that subjective state;  
Where TRUTH and LIFE doth emanate.

\* \* \* \* \*

One ling'ring seaward glance, and then  
I face the busy haunts of men.

FINIS.



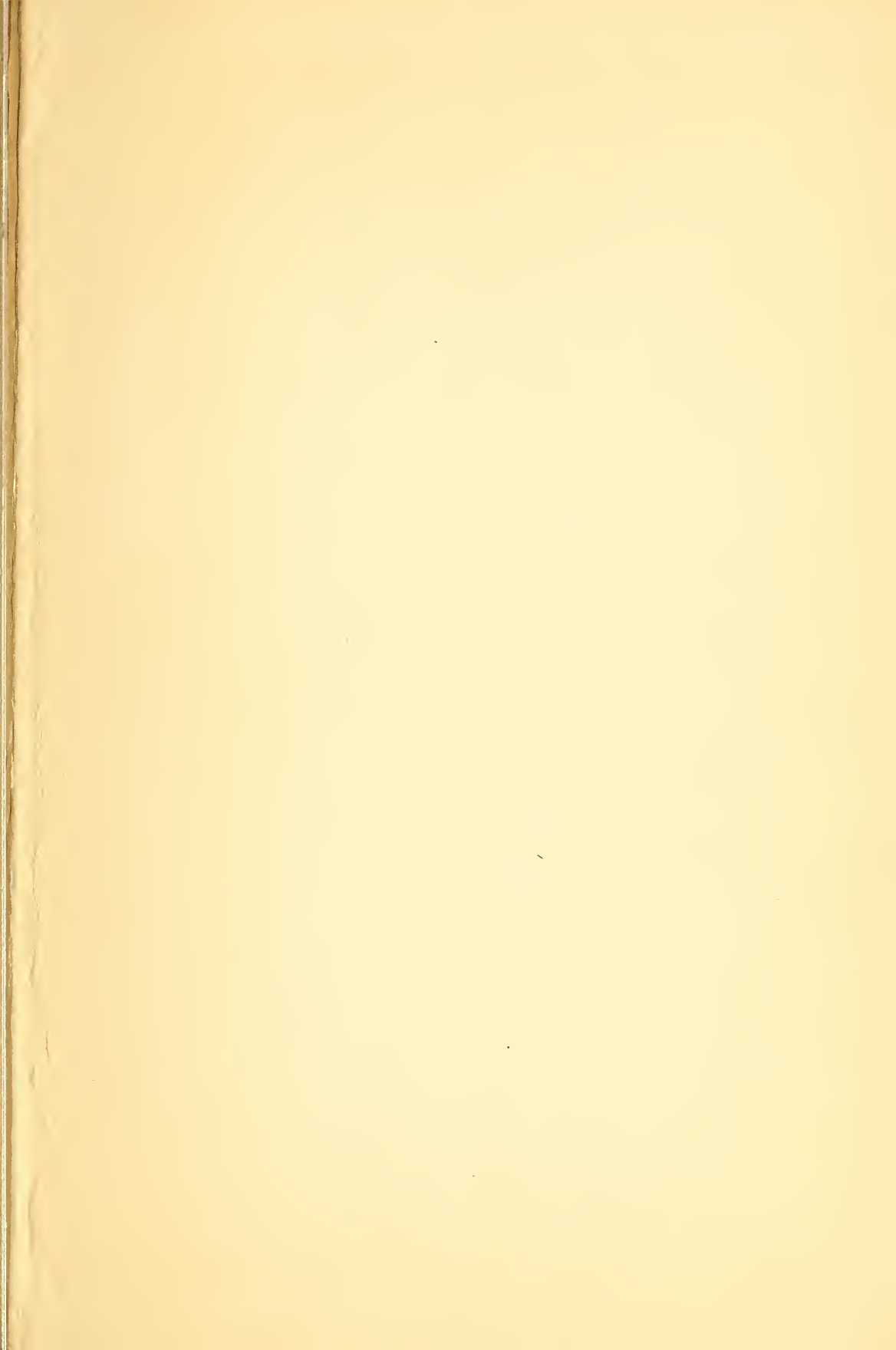


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